RVLE A WIFE
And have a Wife.

A COMOEDY.

ACTED BY HIS
Majesties Servants.

Written by
JOHN FLETCHER
Gent.

OXFORD,
Printed by LEONARD LICHFIELD
Printer to the Universitty.
ANNO 1640.

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Prologue.

PLeaſure attend yee, and about yee ſit
The ſprings of mirth fancy delight and wit
To ſtirre you up, doe not your looks let fall,
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
Becauſe this day w'are Spaniards all againe,
The ſtory of our Play, and our Sceane Spaine:
The errors too, doe not for this cauſe hate,
Now we preſent their wit and not their ſtate.
Nor Ladies be not angry if you ſee,
A young freſh beauty, wanton and too free,
Seeke to abuſe your Husband, ſtill tis Spaine,
No ſuch groſſe errors in your Kingdome raignes,
W'are Veſtalls all, and though we blow the fire,
We ſeldome make it flame up to deſire,
Take no example neither to beginne,
For ſome by preſident delight to ſinne:
Nor blame the Poet if he ſlip aſide,
Sometimes laſciviouſly if not too wide.
But hold your Fannes cloſe, and then ſmile at eaſe,
A cruell Sceane did never Lady pleaſe.
Nor Gentlemen, pray be not you diſpleas'd,
Though we preſent ſome men fool'd ſome diſeas'd,
Some drunke, ſome madde: we meane not you, you'r free,
We taxe no farther then our Comedie,
You are our friends ſit noble then and ſee.

Prologue.

I Beseeme you all, and eyther degree
The Springes of meere fancy delight and pleasure
To giue vs leaue, doe not your looke to lead,
Nor to misconstrue our true errour and,
Because to day we bring Spaniards on stage,
The story of our Play, and our Scene Spaine:
The error is due, doe not for this condemne vs.
Nor we prefer their wit and not their paine.
Nor Ladies be not angry if you see,
A young French Gentleman, another to fire,
Seeke to subdue your Hearts and Fort in Spaine,
No Inch proffe erroure in your Kingdome raigne,
We Vallais adde, and though we blow the fire,
We seldome make it flame up to desire,
Take no example neither to begin
For some by preiudice delight to sinne:
Nor blame the Poet if he slip aside,
Sometimes in Scenes his Stile is more wide,
But hold your Fancies fickle, and light as ayre,
A round Scene did neuer Lasty-place,
Nor Gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
Though we present some such Scene as these,
Some drunke, some maddemen neuer nor you, you're free,
We take no further then our Comedie.
You are our friends, it's noble thus and so,

RULE A WIFE and have a wife.

ACTUS. I. SCENA. I.

Enter Juan de Castro, and Michaell Perez.

Mich. ARe your companies full Coronell?
Juan. No not yet sir: (kon:
Nor will not be this month yet, as I rec-
How rises your command?
Mich. We pick up still, and as our monies hold out,
We have men come, about that time I thinke
We shall be full too, many young gallants goe.
Juan. And unexperienced,
The warres are dainty dreams to young hot spirits,
Time and experience will allay those visions,
We have strange things to fill our numbers,
There's one *Don Leon*, a strange goodly fellow,
Recommended to me from some noble Friends,
For my *Alfores*, had you but seen his person,
And what a Giants promise it protesteth. (too.
Mich. I have heard of him and that he hath serv'd before
Juan. But no harm done, nor never meant, *Don Michael*
That came to my eares yet, aske him a question,

He bluſhes like a girle, and anſwers litle,
To the point leſſe, he wears a ſword a good one,
And good cloaths too, he is whole skin'd, has no hurt yet,
Good promiſing hopes, I never yet heard certainly
Of any Gentleman that ſaw him angry.

Mich. Preſerve him, hee'l conclude a peace if need be,
Many as ſtrong as he will goe along with us,
That ſweare as valiantly as heart can wiſh,
Their mouth charg'd with ſix oaths at once, and whole ons,
That make the drunken Dutch creepe into mole-hils.

Juan. Tis true, ſuch we muſt looke for, but *Michaell Perez*,
When heard you of *Donna Margaretta*, the great heireſſe.

Mich. I heare every hower of her, though I never ſaw her,
She is the main diſcourſe, noble *Don Iuan de Caſtro*,
How happy were that man cood catch this wench up,
And live at eaſe, ſhe is faire, and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gratious too
In all her entertainements, as men report.

Juan. But ſhee is proud ſir, that I know for certaine,
And that coms ſeldome without wantonneſſe,
He that ſhall marry her, muſt have a rare hand.

Mich. Would I were married, I would find that wiſdome,
With a light reyne to rule my wife, if ever woman
Of the moſt ſubtleſt mould went beyond mee,
I would give the boyes leave to whoote me out o'th pariſh.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir there be two gentlewomen attend to ſpeak
With yee.

Iuan. Wait on them in.

Mich. Are they two handſome women?

Ser. They ſeem ſo, very handſome, but they are vail'd ſir.

Mich. Thou putſt' ſugar in my mouth, how it melts with me,
I love a ſweet young wench.

Juan. Wait on them in I ſay. *Exit ſerv.*

Mich. Don Iuan.

Iuan. How you itch *Michaell*, how you burniſh!
Will not this ſouldiers heat out of your bones yet,
Doe your eyes glow now?

Mich.

Mich. There be two.

Iuan. Say honeſt, what ſhame have you then.

Mich. I would faine ſee that,
I have been in the Indies twice, & have ſeen ſtrange things,
But two honeſt women: one I read of once.

Iuan. Pre thee be modeſt.

Mich. Ile be any thing.

Enter Servant, Donna, Clara, and Eſtifania vail'd.

Iuan. You are welcome Ladies.

Mich. Both hooded, I like um well though,
They come not for advice in law ſure heather,
May be they would learne to raiſe the picke,
I am for 'um. They are very modeſt, tis a fine preludium.

Iuan. With mee or with this gentleman,
would you ſpeak Lady?

Clara. With you ſir as I gueſſe, *Iuan de Caſtro.*

Mich. Her curtaine opens, ſhe is a pretty gentlewoman.

Iuan. I am the man, and ſhall be bound to fortune,
I may doe any ſervice to your beauties.

Clara. Captaine, I heare you are marching downe to (Flanders,
To ſerve the Catholick King.

Iuan. I am ſweet Lady.

Clara. I have a kinſman and a noble friend,
Imploy'd in thoſe warres, may be ſir you know him,
Don Campuſano Captaine of *Carbines*,
To whom I would requeſt your Nobleneſſe,
To give this poore remembrance. *A letter.*

Iuan. I ſhall doe it,
I know the Gentleman a moſt worthy Captaine.

Clara. Something in private.

Iuan. Step aſide: Ile ſerve thee. *Ex. Iuan. & Clara.*

Mich. Prethee let me ſee thy face.

Eſtif. Sir you muſt pardon me,
Women of our ſort that maintaine faire memories,
And keep ſuſpect off from their chaſtities,
Had neede weare thicker veiles.

Mich. I am no blaſter of a Ladies beauty,

Nor

Nor bold intruder on her ſpeciall favours,
I know how tender reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be preſerv'd Lady,
You may to me.

Eſtif. You muſt excuſe me Seignior, I come
Not here to ſell my ſelfe.

Mich. As I am a Gentleman, by the honour of a ſouldier.

Eſtif. I beleeve you.
I pray you be civill, I beleeve you would ſee me,
And when you have ſeen me, I beleeve you will like me,
But in a ſtrange place, to a ſtranger too,
As if I came on purpoſe to betray you,
Indeed I will not.

Mich. I ſhall love you dearely,
And tis a ſinne to fling away affection,
I have no Miſtreſſe, no deſire to honour
Any but you, will not this oyſter open?
I know not, you have ſtruck me with your modeſty,
She will draw ſure, ſo deep, and taken from me?
All the deſire I might beſtow on others;
Quickly before they come.

Eſtif. Indeed I dare not.
But ſince I ſee you are ſo deſirous Sir
To view a poore face that can merit nothing
But your repentance.

Mich. It muſt needs be excellent.

Eſtif. And with what honeſty you aske it of me.
When I am gone let your man follow me,
And view what houſe I enter, thither come,
For there I dare be bold to appeare open.
And as I like your vertuous carriage then, *Enter Iuan, Cla. a Servant.*
I ſhall be able to give welcome to you,
Shee hath done her buſineſſe, I muſt take my leave ſir.

Mich. Ile kiſſe your faire white hand, and thank ye Lady,
My man ſhall wait, and I ſhall be your ſervant,
Sirrah, come neare, hark.

Serv. I ſhall doe it faithfully. *Exit.*

Iuan. You will command me no more ſervices?

Clara.

Clara. To be carefull of your noble health, deare Sir,
That I may ever honour you.
Iuan. I thank you,
And kisse your hands, wait on the Ladies down there.
Exeunt Ladies and servants.
Mi. You had the honour to see the face that came to you.
Iuan. And 'twas a faire one, what was yours, *don Michael*?
Mi. Mine was i'th 'clipse, and had a clowd drawn over it
But I believe well, and I hope tis handsome,
Shee had a hand would stirre a holy Hermite.
Iuan. You know none of um?
Mich. No.
Iuan. Then I doe Captaine,
But ile say nothing till I see the proofe on't,
Sit close *Don Perez*, or your worship's caught,
I feare a fly.
Mich. Were those she brought love letters?
Iuan. A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders;
Yours was very modest me thought.
Mich. Some young unmanag'd thing;
But I may live to see---
Iuan. Tis worth experience,
Let's walk abroad and view our companies. *Exit.*
Enter Sanchio & Alonzo.
Sanch. What are you for the wars *Alonzo*?
Alon. It may be I,
It may be no, e'ne as the humour takes me,
If I finde peace amongst the female creatures,
And easie entertainment, ile stay at home,
I am not so far obliged yet to long marches,
And mouldy biskets to run mad for honour,
When you are all gone I have my choice before me.
Sanch. Of which hospitall thou wilt sweat in; wilt thou
Never leave whoring?
Alon. There is lesse danger in't then gunning *Sanchio*,
Though we be shot sometimes the shot's not mortall,
Besides it breaks no limbs.
Sanch. But it disables um,

D'ost thou see how thou pul'st thy legs after thee, as they
Hung by points.

Alon. Better to pull um thus then walke on wooden ones,
Serve bravely for a billet to support me.

Sanch. Fy, fy, tis base.

Alon. Do'st thou count it base to suffer?
Suffer abundantly, tis the crowne of honour;
You think it nothing to lie twenty daies
Vnder a surgeons hands that has no mercy.

sanch. As thou hast done I am sure, but I perceive how
Why you desire to stay, the orient heiresse,
The Margaretta sir.

Alon. I would I had hir.

Sanch. They say she will marry.

Alon. Yes, I think she will.

Sanch. And marry suddenly as report goes too,
She feares hir youth will not hold out *Alonzo*.

Alon. I would I had the sheathing on't.

Sanch. They say too
Shee has a greedy eye that must be fed
With more then one mans meat.

Alon. Would she were mine,
I would cater for her well enough: but *Sanchio*,
There be too many great men that adore her,
Princes, and Princes fellowes that claime priviledge.

Sanch. Yet those stand off ith' way of marriage,
To be tied to a mans pleasure is a second labour.

Alon. Shee has bought a brave house here in towne.

Sanch. I have heard so.

Alon If shee convert it now to pious uses,
And bid poore Gentlemen welcome.

Sanch. When comes shee to it?

Alon. Within these two daies, she is in the countrey yet,
And keeps the noblest house.

Sanch. Then there's some hope of her,
Wilt thou goe my way?

Alon. No, no, I must leave you
And repaire to an old Gentlewoman

That

That has credit with her, that can ſpeak a good word.

Sanch. Send thee good fortune, but make thy body ſound (firſt.

Alon. I am a ſouldier,

And too ſound a body becomes me not,

Farewell *Sanchio.* *Exit.*

Enter a ſervant of Michael Perez.

Serv. Tis this, or that houſe, or I have loſt mine ayme,

They are both faire buildings, ſhe walked plaguy faſt, *Ent.*

And hereabouts I loſt her, ſtay, that's ſhe, *Eſtif.*

Tis very ſhe,---ſhe makes me a low curt'ſie,

Let me note the place, the ſtreet I well remember. *Exit.*

She is in againe, certaine ſome noble Lady,

How happy ſhould I be if ſhe love my Maſter:

A wondrous goodly houſe, here are brave lodgings,

And I ſhall ſleep now like an Emperour,

And eat abundantly. I thank my fortune,

Ile back with ſpeed, and bring him happy tidings. *Exit.*

Enter three old Ladies.

1. What ſhould it mean, that in ſuch haſt

We are ſent for?

2. Belike the Lady *Margaret* has ſome buſineſſe

Shee would break to us in private.

3. It ſhould ſeeme ſo.

Tis a good Lady, and a wiſe young Lady.

2. And vertuous enough too I warrant yee

For a yong woman of her yeares: tis pittie

To load her tender age with too much virtue.

3. Tis more ſometimes then we can well away with.

Enter Altea.

Alt. Good morrow Ladies.

All. Morrow my good Madam.

1. How does the ſweet young beauty, Lady *Margaret*?

2. Has ſhe ſlept well after her walke laſt night?

1. Are her dreames gentle to her minde?

Alt. All's well,

Shee's very well, ſhe ſent for you thus ſuddenly

To give hir counſell in a buſineſſe

That much concernes her.

2. Shee does well and wifely,
To aske the counsell of the ancientst Madame,
Our yeares have run through many things she knows not.

Alt. Shee would faine marry.

1. Tis a proper calling,
And well beseemes her yeares, who would she yoke with?

Alt. Thats left to argue on, I pray come in
And break your fast, drink a good cup or two,
To strengthen your understandings, then sheele tell ye.

2. And good wine breeds good counsell,
Wele yeeld to ye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iuan de Castro, and Leon.

Iuan. Have you seen any service?

Leon. Yes.

Iuan. Where?

Leon. Every where.

Iuan. What office bore yee?

Leon. None, I was not worthy.

Iuan. What Captaines know you?

Leon. None, they were above me.

Iuan. Were you never hurt?

Leon. Not that I well remember,
But once I stole a Hen, and then they beat me,
Pray aske me no long questions, I have an ill memory.

Iuan. This is an Asse, did you never draw your sword yet?

Leon Not to doe any harme I thank heaven for't.

Iuan. Nor nere tane prisoner?

Leon. No, I ran away,
For I had nere no mony to redeeme me.

Iuan. Can you endure a Drum?

Leon. It makes my head ake.

Iuan. Are you not valiant when you are drunk?

Leon. I think not, but I am loving sir.

Iuan. What a lump is this man,
Was your Father wise?

Leon. Too wise for me I'me sure,
For he gave all he had to my younger brother.

Iuan. That was no foolish part ile beare you witnesse.

Canst

Canst thou lye with a woman?

Leon. I think I could make shift sir,
But I am bashfull.

Iuan. In the night?

Leon. I know not,
Darkenesse indeed may doe some good upon me.

Iuan. Why art thou sent to me to be my officer,
I, and commended too, when thou darst not fight?

Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,
Or I am cozend sir, men that talke more too.

Iuan. How wilt thou scape a bullet?

Leon. Why by chance,
They aime at honourable men, alas I am none sir.

Iuan. This fellow has some doubts in's talk that striks me,

Ent. Alonzo.

He cannot be all foole: welcome *Alonzo.* (pany?

Alon. What have you got there temperance into your co-
The spirit of peace? we shall have warres *Ent. Caca.*
By th'ounce then, O here's another Pumpion,
Let him loos for luck sake, the cram'd sonne
Of a starv'd Vsurer, *Cacafogo*, both their brains butterd,
Cannot make two spoonefulls.

Caca. My Fathers dead: I am a man of warre too,
Monyes, demeanes; I have ships at sea too,
Captaines. (else.

Iuan. Take heed o'th Hollanders, your ships may leake

Caca. I scorne the Hollanders, they are my drunkards.

Alon. Put up your gold sir, ile borrow it else.

Caca. I am satisfied, you shall not,
Come out, I know thee, meet mine anger instantly.

Leon. I never wrong'd yee.

Caca. Thou hast wrong'd mine honor,
Thou look'st upon my Mistris thrice lasciviously,
Ile make it good.

Iuan. Doe not heat your selfe, you will surfeit.

Caca. Thou wan'st my mony too, with a pair of base bones,
In whom there was no truth, for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much, now I will hurt thee dangerously.

This ſhall provoke thee. *He ſtrikes.*

Alon. You ſtruck too low by a foot ſir.

Iuan. You muſt get a ladder when you would beat This fellow.

Leon. I cannot chuſe but kick againe, pray pardon mee.

Caca. Hadſt thou not ask'd my pardon, I had killd thee, I leave thee as a thing deſpiſ'd, *aſſoles manus a voſtra ſiniare a Maiſtre.* *Exit Caca.*

Alon. You have ſcap'd by miracle, there is not in all ſpaine, A ſpirit of more fury then this fire drake.

Leon. I ſee he is haſty, and I would give him leave, To beat me ſoundly if he would take my bond.

Iuan. What ſhall I doe with this fellow?

Alon. Turne him off, He will infect the campe with cowardice, If he goe with thee.

Iuan. About ſome week hence ſir, If I can hit upon no abler officer, You ſhall hear from mee.

Leon. I deſire no better. *Exit.*

Enter Eſtifania and Perez.

Per. You have made mee now too bountifull amends, Lady For your ſtrict carriage when you ſaw me firſt, Theſe beauties were not meant to be conceal'd, It was a wrong to hide ſo ſweet an object, I coo'd now chide yee, but it ſhall be thus, No other anger ever touch your ſweetneſſe.

Eſtif. You appeare to mee ſo honeſt, and ſo civill, Without a bluſh ſir, I dare bid yee welcome.

Perez. Now let mee aske your name.

Eſtif. Tis *Eſtifanie*, the heire of this poore place.

Perez. Poore doe you call it, There's nothing that I caſt mine eyes upon, But ſhewes both rich and admirable, all the roomes Are hung as if a Princeſſe were to dwell here, The Gardens, Orchards, every thing ſo curious: Is all that plate your owne too?

Eſtif. Tis but litle,

Only

Only for preſent uſe, I have more and richer,
When need ſhall call, or friends compell me uſe it,
The ſutes you ſee of all the upper chambers,
Are thoſe that commonly adorne the houſe,
I think I have beſides, as faire as civill,
Or any towne in Spaine can paralell.

Perez. Now if ſhe be not married, I have ſome hopes,
Are you a maide?

Eſtif. You make me bluſh to anſwer,
I ever was accounted ſo to this hower,
And that's the reaſon that I live retir'd ſir.

Perez. Then would I counſell you to marry preſently,
If I can get her, I am made for ever,
For every yeare you looſe, you looſe a beauty,
A husband now an honeſt carefull husband,
Were ſuch a comfort, will ye walke above ſtaires.

Eſtif. This place will fit our talke, tis fitter farre ſir,
A bove there are day-beds, and ſuch temptations
I dare not truſt ſir.

Perez. She is excellent wiſe withall too.

Eſtif. You nam'd a husband, I am not ſo ſtrict ſir,
Nor ti'de unto a Virgins ſolitarineſſe,
But if an honeſt, and a noble one,
Rich, and a ſouldier, for ſo I have vowed he ſhall be,
Were offer'd mee, I think I ſhould accept him,
But above all he muſt love.

Perez. He were baſe elſe,
There's comfort miniſtred in the word ſoldier,
How ſweetly ſhould I live.

Eſtif. I am not ſo ignorant, but that I know well,
How to be commanded,
And how againe to make my ſelfe obeyd ſir,
I waſt but litle, I have gather'd much,
My riall not the leſſe worth, when tis ſpent,
If ſpent by my direction, to pleaſe my husband,
I hold it as indifferent in my duty,
To be his maid i'th kitchin, or his Cook,
As in the Hall to know my ſelfe the Miſtris.

Perez.

Perez. Sweet, Rich, and provident, now fort une ſtick
To mee; I am a ſouldier, and a batchilour, Lady,
And ſuch a wife as you, I cood love infinitely,
They that uſe many words, ſome are deceitfull,
I long to be a husband, and a good one,
For tis moſt certaine I ſhall make a preſident
For all that follow me to love their Ladies,
I am young you ſee, able I would have you think too,
If 't pleaſe you know, try me before you take mee,
'Tis true I ſhall not meet in equall wealth
With ye, but Iewels, Chaines, ſuch as the warre
Has given mee, a thouſand duckets I dare
Preſume on in ready gold, now as your
Care may handle it, as rich cloths too, as
Any he bears armes Lady.

Eſtif. You are a true gentleman, and faire, I ſee by yee,
And ſuch a man I had rather take.

Perez. Pray doe ſo, ile have a Prieſt o'th ſudden.

Eſtif. And as ſuddenly you will repent too.

Perez. Ile be hang'd or drown'd firſt,
By this and this, and this kiſſe.

Eſtif. You are a Flatterer,
But I muſt ſay there was ſomething when I ſaw you.
Firſt, in that moſt noble face, that ſtirr'd my fancy.

Perez. Ile ſtirre it better ere you ſleepe ſweet Lady,
Ile ſend for all my trunks and give up all to yee,
Into your owne diſpoſe, before I bed yee,
And then ſweet wench.

Eſtif. You have the art to cozen mee. *Exeunt.*

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Enter Margaretta, and two Ladies, and Altea.

Margar. Sit downe and give me your opinions ſeriouſly.

1. You ſay you have a mind to marry Lady.

Marg. Tis true, I have for to preſerve my credit,

Yet

Yet not so much for that as for my state Ladies,
Conceave me right, there lies the maine o'th question,
Credit I can redeeme, mony will imp it,
But when my monie's gone, when the law shall
Ceaze that, and for incontinency strip me
Of all.

1. Doe you finde your body so malitious that way.

Marg. I finde it as all bodies are that are young and lusty,
Lazy, and high fed, I desire my pleasure,
And pleasure I must have.

2. 'Tis fit you should have,
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary,
As necessary as meat to a young Lady,
Sleep cannot nourish more.

1. But might not all this be, & keep ye single.
You take away variety in marriage,
The abundance of the pleasure you are bar'd then,
I'st not abundance that you aime at.

Marg. Yes why was I made a woman.

2. And every day a new?

Marg. Why faire and young but to use it.

1. You are still i'th right, why would you marry then.

4. Because a husband stops all doubts in this point,
And cleers all passages.

2. What husband mean yee.

4. A husband of an easy faith a foole,
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure,
One though he see himselfe become a monster,
Shall hold the doore, and entertaine the maker.

2. You grant there may be such a man.

1. Yes marry, but how to bring um to this rare
Perfection.

2. They must be chosen so, things of no honour,
Nor outward honesty.

Marg. No 'tis no matter,
I care not what they are, so they be lusty.

2. Me thinks now a rich Lawyer, some such fellow,
That carries credit, and a face of awe,

But lies with nothing but his clients businesse.

Marg. No ther's no trusting them, they are too subtill,
The Law has moulded 'um of naturall mischiefe.

1. Then some grave governor,
Some man of honour, yet an easy man.

Marg. If he have honour I am undone, ile none such,
Ile have a lusty man, honour will cloy mee.

4. Tis fit ye should Lady;
And to that end, with search and wit and labour,
I have found one out, a right one and a perfect,
He is made as strong as brasse, is of brave years too,
And doubty of complexion.

Marg. Is he a Gentleman?

4. Yes and a Souldier, as gentle as you would wish him,
A good fellow, wears good cloaths.

Marg. Those ile allow him,
They are for my credit, does he understand,
But litle?

4. Very litle.

Marg. Tis the better,
Has not the warres bred him up to anger?

4. No, he will not quarrell with a dog that bites him,
Let him be drunke or sober, is one silence.

Marg. Has no capacity what honour is?
For that's the souldiers god.

4. Honor's a thing too subtill for his wisdome,
If honour lye in eating, he is right honorable.

Marg. Is he so goodly a man doe you saye?

4. As you shall see Lady,
But to all this is but a trunke.

Marg. I would have him so,
I shall adde branches to him to adorne him,
Goe, finde me out this man, and let me see him,
If he be that motion that you tell me of,
And make no more noise, I shall entertaine him,
Let him be here.

4. He shall attend your Ladiship. *Exeunt.*

Enter Juan, Alonzo, and Perez.

Juan. Why thou art not married indeed. *Perez.*

Perez. No, no, pray think so,
Alas I am a fellow of no reckoning,
Not worth a Ladies eye.
Alon. Woodst thou steale a fortune,
And make none of all thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding.
Perez. No indeed,
There was no wisdome in't, to bid an Artist,
An old seducer to a femall banquet,
I can cut up my pye without your instructions.
Juan. Was it the wench i'th vaile.
Perez. Basto 'twas she,
The prettiest rogue that ere you look'd upon,
The lovingst theefe.
Juan. And is she rich withall too.
Perez. A mine, a mine, there is no end of wealth Coronell!
I am an asse, a bashfull foole, prethee Coronell,
How doe thy companies fill now.
Iuan. You are merry sir,
You intend a safer warre at home belike now. (nell,
Perez. I doe not think I shall fight much this year Coro-
I finde my selfe given to my ease a litle,
I care not if I sell my fooliſh company,
They are things of hazard.
Alon. How it angers mee,
This fellow at first sight should win a Lady,
A rich young wench, and I that have consum'd
My time and art in searching out their subtleties,
Like a fool'd Alchimist blow up my hopes still,
When shall we come to thy house and be freely merry.
Perez. When I have manag'd hir a litle more,
I have a house to entertaine an army.
Alon. If thy wife be faire, thou wilt have few lesse
Come to thee. (Sinior.
Perez. But where they'l get entertainment is the point
I beat no drum.
Alon. You need none but her taber,
May be ile march after a month or two,

To get mee a fresh stomack, I find Coronell
A wantonnesse in wealth, methinks I agree not with.
Tis such a trouble to be married too,
And have a thousand things of great importance,
Iewells and plates, and fooleries molest mee,
To have a mans brains whimsied with his wealth.
Before I walk'd contentedly.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Mistris sir is sick, because you are absent,
She mournes and will not eate.

Perez. Alas my Iewell,
Come ile goe with thee, gentlemen your faire leaves,
You see I am tide a litle to my yoke,
Pray pardon mee, would ye had both such loving wives.

Juan. I thank yee *Exit. Perez. Serv.*
For your old bootes, never be blank *Alonzo*,
Because this fellow has out stript thy fortune,
Tell me ten daies hence what he is, and how
The gratious state of matrimony stands with him,
Come, lets to dinner, when *Margarita* comes
Wee'l visit both, it may be then your fortune. *Exeunt.*

Ent. Margarita, Altea, the Ladies.

Marg. Is he come?

4. Yes Madame, has been here this halfe houre,
I have question'd him of all that you can aske him,
And finde him as fit as you had made the man,
He will make the goodliest shadow for iniquity.

Marg. Have ye searcht him Ladies?

Omnes. Is a man at all points, a likely man.

Marg. Call him in *Altea*. *Exit Lady.*

Ent. Leon, Altea.

A man of a good presence, pray ye come this way,
Of a lusty body, is his mind so tame.

4. Pray ye question him, and if you finde him not
Fit for your purpose, shake him off, there's no harme
Done.

Marg. Can you love a young Lady? How he blushes.

4. Leave twirling of your hat, & hold your head up,

And ſpeak to'th Lady.
Leon. Yes, I think I can,
I muſt be taught, I know not what it meanes Madam.
Marg. You ſhall be taught, and can you when ſhe pleaſes
Goe ride abroad, and ſtay a week or two?
You ſhall have men and horſes to attend ye,
And mony in your purſe.
Leon. Yes I love riding,
And when I am from home I am ſo merry.
Marg. Be as merry as you will: can you as hanſomely
When you are ſent for back, come with obedience,
And doe your dutie to the Ladie loves you?
Leon. Yes ſure, I ſhall.
Marg. And when you ſee her friends here,
Or noble kinſmen, can you entertaine
Their ſervants in the Celler, and be buſied,
And hold your peace, what ere you ſee or heare of.
Leon. T were fit I were hang'd elſe.
Marg. Let me try your kiſſes,
How the foole ſhakes, I will not eat ye ſir,
Beſhrew my heart he kiſſes wondrous manly,
Can ye doe any thing elſe?
Leon. Indeed I know not;
But if your Ladiſhip will pleaſe to inſtruct me,
Sure I ſhall learne.
Marg. You ſhall then be inſtructed;
If I ſhould be this Lady that affects yee,
Nay ſay I marry yee?
4. Harke to the Lady.
Marg. What money have yee?
Leon. None Madam, nor friends,
I wood doe any thing to ſerve your Ladiſhip.
Marg. You muſt not look to be my Mr Sir,
Nor talk ith houſe as though you wore the breeches,
No, nor command in any thing.
Leon. I will not.
Alas I am not able, I have no wit Madam.
Marg. Nor doe not labour to arrive at any,

T will ſpoile your head I take ye upon charity.
And like a ſervant ye muſt be unto me,
As I behold your duty I ſhall love ye,
And as you obſerve me, I may chance lye with ye.
Can you mark theſe.

Leon. Yes indeed forſooth.

Marg. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in I put ye from me,
Vtterly from me, you muſt not be ſawcy.
No, nor at any time familiar with me,
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not, alas I never knew my ſelfe ſufficiently.

Marg. Nor muſt not now.

Leon. Ile be a dog to pleaſe ye.

Marg. Indeed you muſt fetch and carry as I appoint ye.

Leon. I were too blame elſe.

Marg. Kiſſe me agen, a ſtrong fellow.
There is a vigor in his lips: if you ſee me
Kiſſe any other, twenty in an houre ſir,
You muſt not ſtart, nor be offended.

Leon No, if you kiſſe a thouſand I ſhall be contented,
It will the better teach me how to pleaſe ye.

4. I told ye Madam,

Marg. Tis the man I wiſht for; the leſſe you ſpeak.

Leon. Ile never ſpeak againe Madam,
But when you charge me, then ile ſpeak ſoftly too.

Marg. Get me a Prieſt, ile wed him inſtantly,
But when you are married ſir, you muſt wait
Vpon me, and ſee you obſerve my lawes.

Leon. Elſe you ſhall hang me.

Marg. Ile give ye better clothes when you deſerve um,
Come in, and ſerve for witneſſes.

Omnes. We ſhall Madam.

Marg. And then away to'th citty preſently,
Ile to my new houſe and new company.

Leon. A thouſand crownes are thine, & I am a made man.

4. Doe not break out too ſoone.

Leon. I know my time wench. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Clara, and Eſtifania with a paper.

Clara. What have you caught him?

Eſtif. Yes.

Clara. And doe you finde him
A man of thoſe hopes that you aim'd at?

Eſtif. Yes too,
And the moſt kinde man, and the ableſt alſo
To give a wife content, he is ſound as old wine,
And to his ſoundneſſe riſes on the pallat,
And there's the man; I finde him rich too *Clara.*

Clara. Haſt thou married him?

Eſtif. What doſt thou think I fiſh without a bait wench?
I bob for fooles? he is mine own I have him,
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout,
And as I caſt it ſo I caught him daintily,
And all he has I have 'ſtow'd at my devotion.

Clara. Does thy Lady know this? ſhe is comming now to
Now to live here in this houſe. (towne,

Eſtif. Let her come,
She ſhall be welcome, I am prepar'd for hir,
She is mad ſure if ſhe be angry at my fortune,
For what I have made bold.

Clara. Doſt thou not love him?

Eſtif. Yes, intirely well,
As long as there he ſtaies and looks no farther
Into my ends, but when he doubts, I hate him,
And that wiſe hate will teach me how to cozen him,
How to decline their wives, and curb their manners,
To put a ſterne and ſtrong reyne to their natures,
And holds he is an Aſſe not worth acquaintance,
That cannot mould a divell to obedience,
I owe him a good turne for theſe opinions,
And as I finde his temper I may pay him. *Enter Perez.*
O here he is, now you ſhall ſee a kinde man.

Perez. My *Eſtifania*, ſhall we to dinner lambe,
I know thou ſtaiſt for me.

Eſtif. I cannot eat elſe.

Perez. I never enter but me thinks a Paradice
Appeares

Appeares about me.

Eſtif. You are welcome to it Sir.

Perez. I think I have the ſweeteſt ſeat in *Spaine* wench,
Me thinks the richeſt too, weele eat ith garden
In one o'th arbours, there tis coole and pleaſant,
And have our wine cold in the running fountain
Who's that?

Eſtif. A friend of mine Sir.

Perez. Of what breeding?

Eſtif. A Gentlewoman Sir.

Perez. What buſineſſe has ſhe?
Is ſhee a learned woman i'th Mathematicks,
Can ſhee tell fortunes?

Eſtif. More then I know Sir.

Perez. Or has ſhe ere a letter from a kinſwoman,
That muſt be delivered in my abſence wife,
Or comes ſhe from the Doctor to ſalute ye,
And learne your health, ſhe looks not like a confeſſor.

Eſtif. What need all this, why are you troubled Sir.
What doe you ſuſpect, ſhe cannot cuckold ye,
Shee is a woman Sir, a very woman.

Perez. Your very woman may doe very well Sir
Toward the matter, for though ſhe cannot performe it
In her own perſon, ſhe may doe it by Proxie,
Your rareſt jugglers work ſtill by conſpiracy.

Eſtif. Cry ye mercy husband, you are jealous then,
And happily ſuſpect me.

Perez. No indeed wife.

Eſtif. Me thinks you ſhould not till you have more cauſe
And cleerer too: I am ſure you have heard ſay husband,
A woman forced will free her ſelfe through iron,
A happy, calme, and good wife diſcontented
May be taught tricks.

Perez No, no, I doe but jeſt with ye.

Eſtif. To morrow friend ile ſee you.

Clara. I ſhall leave ye
Till then, and pray all may goe ſweetly with ye. *Exit.*

Eſtif. Why where's this girle, whoſe at the doore. *Knock.*

Perez.

Perez. Who knocks there?
Is't for the king ye come, you knock so boisterously?
Look to the doore. *Enter maid.*
Maid. My Lady, as I live Mistris, my Ladie's come,
Shee's at the doore, I peept through, & I saw her,
And a stately company of Ladies with her.
Estif. This was a week too soon, but *I* must meet with her,
And set a new wheele going, and a subtile one,
Must blind this mighty Mars, or *I* am ruin'd.
Perez. What are they at doore?
Estif. Such my *Michael*
As you may blesse the day they enter'd here,
Such for our good.
Perez. Tis well.
Estif. Nay, 'twill be better
*I*f you will let me but dispose the businesse,
And be a stranger to it, and not disturb me,
What have *I* now to doe but to advance your fortune.
Perez. Doe, *I* dare trust thee, *I* am asham'd *I* am angry,
I finde thee a wise young wife.
Estif. *I*le wise your worship
Before *I* leave ye, pray ye walk by and say nothing,
Only salute him, and leave the rest to me Sir,
I was borne to make ye a man.
Perez. The rogue speaks heartily,
Her good will colours in her cheeks, *I* am borne to love her.
I must be gentler to these tender natures,
A souldiers rude harsh words befit not Ladies,
Nor must we talke to them as we talk to
Our Officers, ile give her way, for tis for me she
Works now, *I* am husband, heire, and all she has.
Enter Marg. Estif. Leon, Altea, & Ladies.
Who are these, what flanting things, a woman
Of rare presence, excellent faire, this is too big
For a bawdy house, too open seated too.
Estif. My husband Lady.
Marg. You have gain'd a proper man.
Perez. What ere *I* am, *I* am your servant Lady. *kisses.*

Eſtif. Sir, be rul'd now,
And *I* ſhall make ye rich, this is my cozen,
That Gentleman dotes on her, even to death, ſee how he ob-
Perez. She is a goodly woman. (ſerves her,
Eſtif. She is a mirrour,
But ſhe is poore, ſhe were for a Princes ſide elſe;
This houſe ſhe has brought him too as to his own,
And preſuming upon me, and upon my curteſie,
Conceive me ſhort, he knowes not but ſhe is wealthy,
Or if ſhe did know otherwiſe, 'twere all one,
He is ſo far gone.
Perez. Forward, ſhe has a rare face.
Eſtif. This we muſt carry with diſcretion husband,
And yeeld unto her for foure daies.
Perez. Yeeld our houſe up, our goods and wealth.
Eſtif. All this is but in ſeeming
To milke the lover on, doe you ſee this writing,
200 l a yeare when they are married,
Has ſhe ſealed too for our good; the time's unfit now,
Ile ſhew it you to morrow.
Perez. All the houſe.
Eſtif. All, all, and weele remove too, to confirme him.
They'le into 'th country ſuddenly agen
After they are matcht, and then ſheele open to him.
Perez. The whole poſſeſſion wife, look what you doe,
A part o'th houſe.
Eſtif. No, no, they ſhall have all,
And take their pleaſure too, 'tis for our vantage,
Why, whats foure daies, had you a ſiſter ſir,
A Neece or Miſtris that required this curteſie,
And ſhould I make a ſcruple to doe you good?
Perez. If eaſily it would come back.
Eſtif. I ſweare Sir,
As eaſily as it came on, iſt not pitty
To let ſuch a Gentlewoman for a little help,
You give away no houſe.
Perez. Cleere but that queſtion.
Eſtif. Ile put the writings into your hand.

Perez

Perez. Well then.
Eſtif. And you ſhall keep them ſafe.
Perez. I am ſatisfied; wood I had the wench ſo too.
Eſtif. When ſhe has married him,
So infinite his love is linckt unto hir,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch
May have heaven knowes what.
Perez. Ile remove the goods ſtreight,
And take ſome poore houſe by, tis but for foure daies.
Eſtif. I have a poore old friend; there weele be.
Perez. Tis well then.
Eſtif. Goe handſome off, and leave the houſe cleere.
Perez. Well.
Eſtif. That litle ſtuffe weele uſe ſhall follow after;
And a boy to guide ye, peace and we are made both. (wench.
Marg. Come, let's goe in, are all the roomes kept ſweet
Eſtif. They are ſweet and neat. *Exit Per.*
Marg. Why where's your husband?
Eſtif. Gone Madam.
When you come to your own he muſt give place Lady.
Marg. Well, ſend you joy, you would not let me know't,
Yet I ſhall not forget ye.
Eſtif. Thank your Ladyſhip. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS 3. SCENA 1.

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Boy.

Altea. Are you at eaſe now, is your heart at reſt,
Now you have got a ſhadow, an *umbrella*
To keep the ſcorching worlds opinion
From your faire credit.
Marg. I am at peace *Altea.*
If he continue but the ſame he ſhewes,
And be a maſter of that ignorance
He outwardly profeſſes, I am happy,
The pleaſure I ſhall live in and the freedome
Without the ſquint-eye of the law upon me,

Or prating liberty of tongues, that envy.

4. You are a made woman.

Marg. But if he should prove now;
A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villany conceal'd..

4. My life, an Innocent.

Marg. That's it I ayme at,
That's it I hope too, then I am sure I rule him,
For Innocents are like obedient children
Brought up under a hard mother in law, a cruel,
Who being not us'd to break-fasts & collations,
When they have course bread offerd um, are thankfull,
And take it for a favour too, are the roomes
Made ready to entertaine my friends, I long to dance now
And to be wanton; let me have a song, is the great couch up,
The Duke of *Medina* sent?

4. Tis up and ready.

Marg. And day beds in all chambers?

4. In all Lady,
Your house is nothing now but various pleasures
The Gallants begin to gaze too.

Marg. Let um gaze on,
I was brought up a Courtier, high and happy,
And company is my delight, and courtship,
And hansome servants at my wil, where's my good husband,
Where does he wait?

4. He knowes his distance Madam,
I warrant ye, he is busie in the celler;
Amongst his fellow servants, or asleep,
Till your command awake him.

Marg. Tis well *Altea.* *Enter Leon.*
It should be so, my ward I must preserve him,
Who sent for him, how dare he come uncall'd for,
His bonnet on too.

4. Sure he sees you not.

Marg. How scornefully he lookes.

Leon. Are all the chambers

Deckt

Deckt and adorn'd thus for my Ladies pleasure,
New hangings every houre for entertainment.
And new plate bought, new jewels to give lustre.

Ser. They are, and yet there must be more and richer,
It is her will.

Leon. Hum, is it so, tis excellent,
It is her will too, to have feasts and banquets,
Revells and masques.

Ser. She ever lov'd um dearely,
And we shall have the bravest housekept now sir,
I must not call ye master she has warn'd mee,
Nor must not put my hat off to ye.

Leon. Tis no fashion,
What though I be hir husband, I am your fellow,
I may cut first.

Serv. That's as you shall deserve sir.

Leon. And when I lye with her.

Ser. May be ile light yee.
On the same point you may doe mee that service.

Enter 1. *Lady.*

1 *Lady.* Madame, the Duke *Medina* with some captaines
Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,
And their best services.

Marg. They shall be welcome,
See all be ready in the noblest fashion,
The house perfum'd, now I shall take my pleasure,
And not my neighbour Iustice maunder at mee,
Goe, get your best cloths on, but till I call yee,
Be sure you be not seene, dine with the gentlewomen,
And behave your selfe cleanly sir, tis for my credit.

Enter 2. *Lady.*

2. Madame, the Lady *Iulia.*

Leon. That's a bawde,
A three pild bawde, bawde major to the army.

2. Has brought her coach to wait upon your Ladiship,
And to be inform'd if you will take the aire this morning.

Leon. The neat aire of hir nunnery.

Marg. Tell her no, i'th afternoone Ile call on hir.

2. I will Madame. *Exit.*

Marg. Why are not you gone to prepare your selfe,
May be you shall be sewer to the first course,
A portly presence, *Alice* he looks leane,
Tis a wash knave, he will not keep his flesh well.

4. A willing, madame, one that needs no spurring.

Leon. Faith madame, in my litle understanding,
You had better entertaine your honest neighbours,
Your friends about yee, that may speak well of yee,
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.

Marg. How now what's this?

Leon. Tis only to perswade yee,
Courtiers are but tickle things to deale withall,
A kind of march-pane men that will not last Madame,
An egge and pepper goes farther then their potions,
And in a well built body, a poore parsnip
Will play his prize, above their strong potabiles.

Mar. The fellowes mad.

Leon. He that shall counsell Ladies,
That have both licorish and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad, or drunke, let him speake Gospell.

4. He breaks out modestly.

Leon. Pray ye be not angry,
My indiscretion has made bold to tell yee,
What youl find true.

Mar. Thou darest not talke.

Leon. Not much Madame,
You have a tye upon your servants tongue,
He dares not be so bold as reason bids him,
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper,
Nere look so sterne upon me I am your husband,
But what are husbands, read the new worlds wonders,
Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,
And you will scarce finde such deformities,
They are shadowes to conceale your veriall vertues,
Sailes to your mills, that grinde with all occasions,
Balls that lye by you, to wash out your staines,
And bills mild up with horne before your stories,

To rent out last.

Mar. Doe you hear him talke?

Leon. I have done Madame,
An oxe once spoke, as learned men deliver,
Shortly I shall be such, then Ile speak wonders,
Till when I tye my selfe to my obedience. *Exit.*

Mar. First ile untye my selfe, did you mark the Gentemā,
How boldly and how sawsily he talkd,
And how unlike the lumpe I took him for,
The peece of ignorant dowe, he stood up to me,
And mated my commands, this was your providence,
Your wisdome, to elect this gentleman,
Your excellent forecast in the man, your knowledge,
What think ye now.

4. I think him an asse still,
This boldnesse some of your people have blowne
Into him, this wisdome too with strong wine,
'T is a Tirant, and a Philosopher also, and findes
Out reasons.

Mar. Ile have my celler lockt, no schoole kept there,
Nor no discovery. Ile turne my drunkards,
Such as are understanding in their draughts,
And dispute learnedly the whyes and wherefores,
To grasse immediatly, Ile keep all fooles,
Sober or drunk, still fooles, that shall know nothing,
Nothing belongs to mankind, but obedience,
And such a hand ile keep over this husband.

4. He will fall againe, my life he cryes by this time,
Keep him from drink, he has a hye constitution.

Ent. Leon.

Leon. Shall I weare my new sute Madame?

Marg. No your old clothes,
And get you into the country presently,
And see my hawkes well train'd, you shall have victualls,
Such as are fit for sawcy pallats sir,
And lodgings with the hinder it is to good too.

4. Good madame be not so rough, with repentance,
You see now he's come roun'd agen.

Mar.

Mar. I see not what I expect to see. (ship.

Leon. You shall see Madame, if it shall please your Lady-

4. Hee's humbled,
Forgive good Lady.

Marg. Well goe get you handsome,
And let me heare no more.

Leon. Have ye yet no feeling,
Ile pinch ye to the bones then my proud Lady. *Exit.*

Marg. See you preserve him thus upon my favour,
You know his temper, tye him to the grindstone,
The next rebellion Ile be rid of him,
Ile have no needy rascalls, I tye to me,
Dispute my life, come in and see all handsome.

4. I hope to see you so too, I have wrought ill else. *Exit.*

Enter Perez.

Per. Shall I never returne to mine owne house againe,
We are lodg'd here in the miserablest dog-hole,
A conjurers circle gives content above it,
A hawks mew is a princely pallace to it,
We have a bed no bigger then a basket,
And there we lye like butter clapt together,
And sweat our selves to sawce immediatly,
The fumes are Infinite inhabit here too;
And to that so thick, they cut like marmalette,
So various too, they'l pose a gold finder,
Never returne to mine own paradise?
Why wife I say, why *Estifania.*

Estif. within. I am going presently.

Perez. Make hast good jewell,
I am like the people that live in the sweet Ilands:
I dye I dye if I stay but one day more here,
My lungs are rotten with the damps that rise,
And I cough nothing now but stinks of all sorts,
The inhabitants we have are two starv'd rats,
For they are not able to maintain a cat here,
And those appeare as fearfull as two divells,
They have eat a map of the whole world up already,
And if we stay a night we are gone for company,

Ther's

Ther's an old woman that's now grown to marble,
Dri'd in this brick hill, and she sits i'th chimnie,
Which is but three tiles rais'd like a house of cards,
The true proportion of an old smok'd Sibill,
There is a young thing too that nature meant
For a maid servant, but tis now a monster,
She has a huske about hir like a chesnut
With basinesse, and living under the line here,
And these two make a hollow sound together,
Like froggs or winds between two doores that murmur:

Ent. Estifania.

Mercy deliver mee, o are you come wife,
Shall we be free agen.

Estif. I am now going,
And you shall presently to your own house sir,
The remembrance of this small vexation,
Will be argument of mirth for ever:
By that time you have said your orisons,
And broke your fast, I shall be back and ready,
To usher you to your old content, your freedome..

Per. Break my neck rather, is there any thing here to eat
But one another, like a race of Canniballs,
A peece of butter'd wall you think is excellent,
Let's have our house agen immediatly,
And pray yee take heed unto the furniture,
None be imbesseld.

Estif. Not a pinne I warrant yee.

Perez. And let um instantly depart.

Estif. They shall both,
There's reason in all curtesies they must both,
For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
And has provided too she sent me word sir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.

Perez. Ile walke i'th Church-yard,
The dead cannot offend more then these living,
An houre hence Ile expect ye.

Estif. Ile not faile sir.

Per. And doe you heare, let's have a handsome dinner,

And see all things be decent as they have been,
And let me have a strong bath to restore mee,
I stink like a stall-fish shambles, or an oile shop.
Estif. You shall have all, which some interpret nothing,
Ile send ye people for the trunks afore hand,
And for the stuffe.
Perez. Let um be known and honest,
And doe my service to your neece.
Estif. I shall sir,
But if I come not at my hower come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your faire curtesy,
And pray ye be brave for my sake.
Perez. I observe ye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iuan de Castro, Sancho, and Cacafogo.

Sanc. Thou art very brave.
Caca. I have reason, I have mony.
Sanch. Is mony reason.
Caca. Yes and ruine too Captaine,
If ye have no mony y'ar an asse.
Sanc. I thank ye.
Cac. Ye have meaner, ever thank him that has mony.
Sanc. Wilt thou lend mee any?
Cac. Not a farthing Captaine,
Captaines are casuall things.
Sanc. Why so are all men, thou shalt have my bond.
Cac. Nor bonds nor fetters Captaine,
My mony is mine owne, I make no doubt on't.
Iuan. What dost thou doe with it?
Cac. Put it to pious uses,
Buy wine and wenches, and undoe young coxcombs,
That would undoe mee.
Iuan. Are those hospitalls?
Cac. I first provide to fill my hospitalls,
With creatures of mine owne that I know wretched,
And then I build, those are more bound to pray for mee,
Besides I keep th'inheritance in my name still.
Iuan. A provident charity, are you for the warres sir?
Cac. I am not poore enough to be a souldier,

Nor

Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet.
This is no lineing for a trench I take it.
Iuan. Ye have said wisely.
Cac. Had you but my mony,
You would sweare it Coronell, I had rather drill at home,
A hundred thousand crownes, and with more honour,
Then exercise ten thousand fooles with nothing,
A Wise man safely feeds, fooles cut their fingers.
Sanc. A right state-usurer, why dost thou not marry,
And live a reverend iustice. (to be one,
Cac. Is't not nobler to command a reverent iustice, then
And for a wife, what need I marry Captaine,
When every courteous foole, that owes me mony.
Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury.
Iuan. Wilt thou goe to dinner with us.
Cac. I will goe, and view the pearle of Spaine, the orient
Faire one, the rich one too, and I will be respected,
I beare my patent here, I will talke to her,
And when your Captaines ships shall stand a loofe,
And pick your noses, I will pick the purse,
Of hir affection.
Iuan The Duke dines there to day too, the Duke of *Me-*
Cac. Let the King dine there, (*dina.*
He owes me mony, and so farre's my creature,
And certainly I may make bold with mine own Captain.
Sanc. Thou wilt eare monstrously.
Cac. Like a true borne Spaniard,
Eate as I were in England where the beefe growes,
And I will drink aboundantly and then,
Talke ye as wantonly as *Ovid* did,
To stirre the intellectualls of the Ladies,
I learnt it of my Fathers amorous Scrivener.
Iuan. If we should play now, you must supply mee.
Cac. You must pawne a horse troope,
And then have at ye Coronell.
Sanc. Come let's goe.
This rascall will make rare sport, how the Ladies
Will laugh him, leave ager.

Iuan. If I light on him ile make his purſe ſweat too.
Cac. Will ye lead gentlemen. *Exeunt.*

Enter Perez, an old Woman, and Maid,

Per. Nay pray ye come out, and let me underſtand ye,
And tune your pipe a litle higher Lady,
Ile hold ye faſt: rub, how came my trunks open,
And my goods gone, what picklock ſpirit.
Old Wom. Ha what would ye have?
Per. My goods agen, how came my trunks all open.
Old wo. Are your trunks open?
Per. Yes and cloths gone,
And chaines, and Iewels, how ſhe ſmels like hung beefe,
The palſy and picklocks, fy how ſhe belches,
The ſpirit of garlick.
Old wo. Where's your gentlewoman?
The young faire woman.
Per. What's that to my queſtion,
She is my wife: and gone about my buſineſſe.
Maid. Is ſhe your wife ſir.
Per. Yes ſir, is that wonder;
Is the name of wife unknown here.
Old wo. Is ſhe truely, truely your wife.
Per. I think ſo for I married her,
It was no viſion ſure.
Maid. She has the keyes ſir,
Per. I know ſhe has, but who has all my goods ſpirit.
Old wo. If you be married to that Gentlewoman,
You are a wretched man, ſhe has twenty husbands.
Maid. She tells you true.
Old wo. And ſhe has cozend all ſir.
Per. The Divell ſhe has, I had a faire houſe with her,
That ſtands hard by, and furniſht roially.
Old wo You are cozend too, tis none of hirs good gentleman,
It is a Ladies, what's the Ladies name wench.
Maid. The Lady *Margarita*, ſhe was her ſervant
And kept the houſe, but going from her ſir,
For ſome lewd tricks ſhe plaid.
Per. Plague a the Divell,

Am I i'th full Meridian of my wiſdome
Cheated by a ſtale queane, what kinde of Lady
Is that that owes the houſe?
Old.wo. A young ſweet Lady.
Perez. Of a low ſtature?
Old wo. She is indeed but little, but ſhe is wondrous faire.
Perez. I feele I am cozend.
Now I am ſenſible I am undone,
This is the very woman ſure, that cozen
She told me would entreat but for foure daies,
To make the houſe hirs, I am intreated ſweetly.
Maid. When ſhe went out this morning, that I ſaw Sir,
Shee had two women at the doore attending,
And there ſhe gave um things, and loaded um,
But what they were, I heard your trunks to open,
If they be yours.
Perez. They were mine while they are laden,
But now they have caſt their calves, they are not worth
Owning, was ſhe hir Miſtris ſay you?
Old wo. Her own Miſtris, her very Miſtris, Sir, and all you ſaw
About, and in that houſe was hirs.
Perez. No plate, no jewels, nor no hangings?
Maid. Not a farthing, ſhee is poore, ſir, a poore ſhifting thing.
Perez. No money?
Old wo. Abominable poore, as poore as we are,
Money as rare to her unleſſe ſhe ſteale it,
But for one civill gowne hir Lady gave hir,
Shee may goe bare good Gentlewoman.
Perez. I am mad now,
I think I am as poore as ſhe, I am wide elſe,
One civill ſute I have left too, and that's all,
And if ſhe ſteale that ſhe muſt flea me for it,
Where does ſhe uſe?
Old wo. You may finde truth as ſoone,
Alas a thouſand conceal'd corners ſir, ſhee lurks in,
And here ſhe gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in miſts and ſmoakes where none can finde her.
Perez. Is ſhee a whore too?

Old wo. Litle better Gentleman, I date not say shee is so
She is yours, sir, but these 5 yeares she has sirkt (sir, because
A pretty living,
Vntill she came to serve; I feare he will knock my
Braines out for lying.

Perez. She has serv'd me faithfully,
A whore, and theefe, two excellent morrall learnings
In one she Saint, I hope to see her legend.
Have I been fear'd for my discoveries;
And courted by all women to conceale um,
Have I so long studied the art of this sex,
And read the warnings to young Gentlemen:
Have I profest to tame the pride of Ladies,
And make um beare all tests, and am I trickt now,
Caught in myne own nooze, here's a royall left yet,
Theres for your lodging and your meat for this week.
A silk-worme lives at a more plentifull ordinary,
And sleeps in a sweeter box, farewell great grandmother,
If I doe finde you were an accessary,
T'is but the cutting off too smoakie minutes.
Ile hang ye presently.

Old wo. And I deserve it, I tell but truth.

Perez. Nor I, I am an asse mother. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke, Medina, Iuan de Castro, Alonzo, Sancho, Cacafogo, Attendants.

Duke. A goodly house.

Iuan, And richly furnisht too Sir.

Alon. Hung wantonly, I like that preparation,
It stirres the bloud unto a hopefull banquet,
And intimates the Mistris free and joviall,
I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.

Duke. Now *Cacafogo*, how like you this mansion,
Twere a brave pawne.

Caca. I shall be master of it,
Twas built for my bulk, the roomes are wide and spacious,
Ayerie, and full of ease, and that I love well,
Ile tell you when I tast the wine my Lord,
And take the height of hir table with my stomack,

How

How my affections ſtand to the young Lady.

Enter Margarita, Altea, Ladies, and ſervants.

Marg. All welcome to your Grace, and to theſe ſouldiers,
You honour my poore houſe with your faire preſence,
Thoſe few ſlight pleaſures that inhabit here ſir,
I doe beſeech your Grace command, they are yours;
Your ſervant but preſerves um to delight ye,

Duke. I thank ye Lady, I am bold to viſit ye.
Once more to bleſſe mine eyes with your ſweet beauty,
Tas been a long night ſince you left the Court,
For till I ſaw you now, no day broke to me.

Marg. Bring in the Dukes meat.

Sanc. She is moſt excellent.

Iuan. Moſt admirable faire as ere I looked on,
I had rather command her then my regiment.

Caca. Ile have a fling, tis but a thouſand Duckets,
Which I can cozen up agen in ten daies,
And ſome few jewels to juſtifie my knavery,
Say I ſhould marry her, ſheele get more mony
Then all my uſurie, put my knavery to it,
Shee appeares the moſt unfallible way of purchaſe,
I cood wiſh her a ſize or two ſtronger, for the incounter,
For I am like a Lyon where I lay hold,
But theſe Lambs will endure a plaguie load,
And never bleat neither, that ſir, time has taught us.
I am ſo vertuous now, I cannot ſpeak to her,
The arrant'ſt ſhamefac'd aſſe, I broile away too.

Enter Leon.

Marg. Why where's this dinner?

Leon. Tis not ready Madam,
Nor ſhall not be untill I know the gueſts too,
Nor are they fairely welcome till I bid um.

Iuan. Is not this my *Alferes* he looks another thing, i
Are miracles a foot againe?

Marg. Why ſirra, why ſirra you.

Leon. I heare you ſaucy woman,
And as you are my wife command your abſence,
And know your duty, tis the crowne of modeſty.

Duke

Duke. Your wife?

Leon. Yes good my Lord, I am her husband,
And pray take notice that I claime that honour,
And will maintaine it.

Caca. If thou beest her husband,
I am determin'd thou shall be my Cuckold,
Ile be thy faithfull friend.

Leon. Peace durt and dunghill,
I will not loose my anger on a rascall,
Provoke me more, ile beat thy blowne body
Till thou reboundst agen like a Tennis ball.

Alon. This is miraculous.

Sanc. Is this the fellow
That had the patience to become a foole,
A flurted foole, and on a sudden break,
As if he would shew a wonder to the world,
Both into bravery, and fortune too,
I much admire the man, I am astonisht.

Marg. Ile be divorced immediatly

Leon. You shall not.
You shall not have so much will to be wicked.
I am more tender of your honour Lady,
And of your age, you took me for a shadow.
You took me to glosse over your discredit,
To be your foole, you had thought you had found a coxcomb;
I am innocent of any foule dishonour I meane to ye,
Only I will be knowne to be your Lord now,
And be a faire one too, or I will fall for't.

Marg. I doe command ye from me thou poore fellow,
Thou cozen'd foole.

Leon. Thou cozen'd foole, tis not so,
I will not be commanded: I am above ye:
You may divorce me from your favour Lady,
But from your state you never shall, ile hold that,
And hold it to my use, the law allowes it,
And then maintaine your wantonnesse I le wink at it.

Marg. Am I braved thus in mine own house.

Leon. Tis mine Madam,

You are deceav'd I am Lord of it, I rule it and all that's in't,
You have nothing to doe here Madam,
But as a ſervant to ſweep clean the lodgings,
And at my farther will to doe me ſervice,
And ſo ile keep it.

Marg. As you love mee give way.

Leon. It ſhall be better,
I will give none Madame,
I ſtand upon the ground of mine own honour
And will maintaine it, you ſhall know me now,
To be an underſtanding feeling man,
And ſenſible of what a woman aimes at,
A young proude woman that has will to ſaile with,
An itching woman, that her blood provokes too,
I caſt my cloude off and appeare my ſelfe,
The maſter of this litle peece of miſchiefe,
And I will put a ſpell about your feet Lady,
They ſhall not wander but where I give way now.

Duk. Is this the fellow that the people pointed at,
For the meere ſigne of man, the walking image,
He ſpeaks wondrous highly.

Leon As a husband ought ſir,
In his owne houſe, and it becomes me well too,
I think your grace would grieve if you were put to it,
To have a wife or ſervant of your owne,
For wives are reckon'd in the ranke of ſervants,
Vnder your own roofe to command ye.

Iuan. Brave, a ſtrange convertion, thou ſhalt lead
In chiefe now.

Duk. Is there no difference betwixt hir and you ſir.

Leon. Not now Lord, my Fortune makes me even,
And as I am an honeſt man, I am nobler.

Marg. Get me my coach.

Leon. Let me ſee who dare get it
Till I command, ile make him draw your coach too,
And eat your Coach, (which will be hard diet)
That executes your will; or take your coach Lady,
I give you liberty, and take your people

Which I turne off, and take your will abroad with ye,
Take all theſe freely, but take me no more,
And ſo farewell.
Duk. Nay ſir you ſhall not carry it
So bravely off, you ſhall not wrong a Lady
In a high huffing ſtraine, and think to beare it,
We ſtand not by as bawds to your brave fury,
To ſee a Lady weepe. (worth pitty,
Leon. They are teares of anger, I beſeech ye note um not
Wrung from her rage, becauſe her will prevailes not,
She would ſownd now if ſhe could not cry,
Elſe they were excellent and I ſhould grieve too,
But falling thus, they ſhow nor ſweet nor orient,
Put up my Lord, this is oppreſſion,
And calls the ſword of Iuſtice to releeve mee,
The Law to lend her hand, the king to right me,
All which ſhall underſtand how you provoke mee,
In mine own houſe to brave mee, is this princely,
Then to my guard, and if I ſpare your Grace,
And doe not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tombe for ſuch a rude behaviour,
I have a cauſe will kill a thouſand of ye, mercy forſake me.
Iuan. Hold faire ſir I beſeech ye,
The Gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.
Leon. He that dares ſtrike againſt the husbands freedome,
The husbands curſe ſtick to him, a tam'd cuckold,
His wife be faire and young, but moſt diſhoneſt,
Moſt impudent, and have no feeling of it,
No conſcience to reclaime her from a Monſter,
Let her lye by him like a flattering ruine,
And at one inſtant kill both name and honour,
Let him be loſt, no eye to weepe his end,
Nor finde no earth that's baſe enough to bury him,
Now ſir fall on, I am ready to oppoſe ye.
Duk. I have better thought, I pray ſir uſe your wife well.
Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me that ſir,
And now you are all welcome, all, and wee'l to dinner,
This is my wedding day.

Duk.

Duk. Ile croſſe your joy yet.
In. I have ſeen a miracle, hold thine own ſouldier,
Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer women.
Sanc. Has beaten all my looſe thoughts out of mee,
As if he had threſht um out o'th huske.
Enter Perez.
Per. Save ye, which is the Lady of the houſe.
Leon. That's ſhe ſir, that pretty Lady,
If you would ſpeak with her.
In. Don Michael Leon, another darer come?
Per. Pray doe not know mee, I am full of buſineſſe,
When I have more time ile be merry with ye,
It is the woman, good Madame tell me truly,
Had you a maid call'd *Eſtifania*?
Marg. Yes truly had I.
Per. Was ſhe a maid doe you think?
Marg. I dare not ſweare for her,
For ſhe had but a ſcant fame.
Per. Was ſhe your kinſe-woman?
Marg. Not that I ever knew, now I look better
I think you married her, give you much joy ſir,
You may reclaime her 'twas a wild young girle.
Per. Give me a halter, is not this houſe mine Madame,
Was not ſhe owner of it, pray ſpeak truly.
Marg No, certainly, I am ſure my mony paid for it,
And I nere remember yet I gave it you ſir.
Per. The hangings and the plate too?
Marg. All are mine ſir,
And every thing you ſee about the building,
She only kept my houſe when I was abſent,
And ſo ill kept it, I was weary of her.
Sanch. What a Divell ailes hee?
Iuan Is poſſeſt ile aſſure you.
Per. Where is your maide?
Marg. Doe not you know that have her?
She is yours now, why ſhould I look after hir,
Since that firſt hower I came I never ſaw her.
Per. I ſaw her later would the Divell had had her,

It is all true I finde, a wild-fire take her wife.
Iuan. Is thy wife with child *Don Michaell?* thy excellent
Art thou a man yet.
Alon. When shall we come and visit thee? (chards,
Sanc. And eate some rare fruit, thou hast admirable Or-
You are so jealous now, pox a your jealousy,
How scurvily you look.
Per. Pre thee leave fooling,
I am in no humor now to foole and prattle,
Did she nere play the wagge with you. (keep her,
Marg. Yes many times, so often that I was asham'd to
But I forgave her sir, in hope she would mend still,
And had not you o'th instant married her,
I had put her off.
Per. I thank ye I am blest still,
Which way so ere I turne I am a made man,
Miserably gull'd beyond recovery.
Iuan. Youl stay and dine.
Per. Certaine I cannot Captaine,
Hark in thine eare, I am the arrant'st puppy,
The miserablest Asse, but I must leave ye,
I am in hast, in hast, blesse ye good madame,
And you prove as good as my wife. *Exit.*
Leon. Will you come neer sir, will your grace but honour
And taste our dinner, you are nobly welcome, (me,
All angers past I hope, and I shall serve yee.
Iuan. Thou art the stock of men, and I admire thee. *Exeūt.*

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter Perez.

Per. Ile goe to a conjurer but ile find this pol-cat,
This pilfring whore, a plague of vayles I cry,
And covers for the impudence of women,
Their sanctity in show will deceive Divells,
It is my evill Angell let me blesse mee.

Ent.

Enter Eſtifania with a Casket.

Eſtif. Tis he, I am caught, I muſt ſtand to it ſtoutly,
And ſhow no ſhake of feare, I ſee he is angry,
Vext at the uttermoſt.

Per. My worthy wife,
I have been looking of your modeſty,
All the towne over.

Eſtif. My moſt noble husband,
I am glad I have found ye, for in truth I am weary,
Weary and lame with looking out your Lordſhip.

Per. I have been in bawdy howſes.

Eſtif. I beleeve ye, and very lately too.

Per. Pray ye pardon mee,
To ſeek your Ladiſhip, I have been in cellers,
In private cellers, where the thirſty bawds
Heare your confeſſions; I have been at plaies,
To look you out amongſt the youthfull actors,
At Puppet ſhewes, you are Miſtris of the motions;
At goſſippings I hearkned after ye,
But amongſt thoſe confuſions of lewd tongues
There's no diſtinguiſhing beyond a Babell.
I was amongſt the Nuns becauſe you ſing well,
But they ſay yours are bawdy ſongs, they mourn for ye,
And laſt I went to Church to ſeek you out,
Tis ſo loug ſince you were there, they have forgot ye.

Eſtif. You have had a pretty progreſſe, ile tell mine now
To look you out, I went to twenty Taverns.

Per. And are you ſober?

Eſtif. Yes, I reele not yet ſir,
Where I ſaw twenty drunk moſt of em ſouldiers,
There I had great hope to finde you diſguiſd too.
From hence to'th dicing houſe, there I found
Quarrels needleſſe, and ſenſeleſſe, ſwords, and pots, and candlesticks;
Tables, and ſtooles, and all in one confuſion,
And no man knew his friend, I left this Chaos,
And to the Chyrurgions went, he willd me ſtay,
For ſaies he learnedly, if he be tipled,
Twenty to one he whores, and then I beare of him.

If he be mad, he quarrels, then he comes too,
I ſought ye where no ſafe thing would have ventred
Amongſt diſeaſes, baſe, and vild, vild women,
For I remembred your old Roman axiom,
The more the danger, ſtill the more the honour.
Laſt to your Confeſſor I came, who told me
You were too proud to pray, and here I have found ye.
Per. She beares up bravely, and the rogue is witty,
But I ſhall daſh it inſtantly to nothing,
Here leave we off our wanton languages,
And now conclude we in a ſharper tongue.
Eſtif. Why am I cozend,
Why am I abuſed.
Perez. Thou moſt vild, baſe, abominable.
Eſtif. Captaine.
Perez. Thou ſtinking overſtewd, poore, porky.
Eſtif. Captaine.
Perez. Doe you Eccho me?
Eſtif. Yes Sir, and goe before ye,
And round about ye, why doe you rayle at me
For that, that was your own ſin, your own knavery.
Perez. And brave me too.
Eſtif. You had beſt now draw your ſword Captaine,
Draw it upon a woman, doe brave Captaine,
Vpon your wife, oh moſt renowned Captaine.
Perez. A plague upon thee, anſwer me directly,
Why didſt thou marry me?
Eſtif. To be my husband;
I had thought you had had infinite, but i'm cozend.
Perez. Why didſt thou flatter me, and ſhew me wonders,
A houſe, and riches, when they are but ſhadowes,
Shadowes to me.
Eſtif. Why did you work on me,
It was but my part to requite you Sir,
With your ſtrong ſouldiers wit, and ſwore you would bring
So much in chaines, ſo much in jewels husband, (me
So much in right rich cloathes.
Perez. Thou haſt um raſcall;

I gave um to thy hands, my trunks and all;
And thou hast opend um, and sold my treasure.
Estif. Sir, Theres your treasure, sell it to a tinker
To mend old kettles, is this noble usage,
Let all the world view here the Captaines treasure,
A man would think now these were worthy matters:
Here's a shooing-horne chaine, gilt over, how it senteth
Worse then the mouldy durty heel it served for,
And heres another of a lesser value,
So litle, I would shame to tye my dog in't,
These are my joynter, blush and save a labour,
Or these else will blush for ye.
Perez. A fire subtle ye, are ye so crafty.
Estif. Heres a goodly jewell,
Did not you win this at *Goletta* Captaine,
Or took it in the field from some brave *Bashaw*,
How it sparkles like an old Ladies eyes,
And fills each roome with light like a close lanthorne,
This would doe rarely in an Abby window,
To cosen Pilgrims.
Perez. Preethee leave prating.
Estif. And here's a chaine of whitings eyes for pearles,
A mussell-monger would have made a better.
Perez. Nay, preethee wife, my cloathes, my cloathes.
Estif. Ile tell yee,
Your cloathes are paralells to these, all counterfet.
Put these and them on, you are a man of copper,
A kinde of candlestick, these you thought my husband,
To have cozend me withall, but I am quit with you.
Perez. Is there no house then, nor no grounds about it?
No plate nor hangings?
Estif. There are none sweet husband,
Shadow for shadow is an equall justice,
Can you raile now, pray put your fury up sir,
And speak great words, you are a souldier, thunder.
Perez. I will speak litle, I have plaid the foole,
And so I am rewarded.
Estif. You have spoke well sir,

And now I see you are so conformable,
Ile heighthen you againe, goe to your house,
They are packing to be gone, you must sup there,
Ile meet ye, and bring clothes, and cleane shirts after,
And all things shall be well; ile colt ye once more,
And teach ye to bring copper.

Perez. Tell me one thing,
I doe beseech thee tell me, tell me truth wife,
However I forgive thee, art thou honest,
The Beldam swore.

Estif. I bid her tell you so sir,
It was my plot, alas my credulous husband,
The Lady told you too.

Perez. Most strange things of thee.

Estif. Still twas my way, and all to try your sufferance,
And she denied the house.

Per. She knew me not;
No, nor no title that I had.

Estif. Twas well carried;
No more, I am right and straight.

Perez. I would beleeve thee,
But heaven knowes how my heart is, will ye follow me.

Estif. Ile be there straight.

Per. I am fooled, yet dare not finde it. *Exit* Perez.

Estif. Goe silly foole, thou maist be a good souldier
In open field, but for our private service
Thou art an asse, ile make thee so or misse else. *Ent. Cac.*
Here comes another Trout that *I* must tickle,
And tickle daintily, *I* have lost my end else.

Estif. May *I* crave your leave sir?

Caca. Preethee be answered, thou shalt crave no leave,
I am in my meditations, doe not vex me,
A beaten thing, but this houre a most bruised thing,
That people had compassion on, it looked so.
The next Sir Palmerin, heres fine proportion,
An Asse, and then an Elephant, sweet justice,
Theres no way left to come at her now, no craving,
If mony could come neere, yet *I* would pay him;

I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,
And mony may doe much, a thousand duckets,
Tis but the letting blood of a ranck heire.
Estif. Pray ye heare me.
Caca. I know thou h-st some wedding ring to pawn now,
Of Silver and guilt with a blind posy in t,
Love and a mill-horse should goe round togither,
Or thy childs whistle, or thy squirills chaine,
Ile none of um, I would she did but know me,
Or would this fellow had but use of mony,
That I might come in any way.
Estif. I am gone sir,
And I shall tell the beauty sent me to ye,
The Lady *Margarita.*
Caca. Stay I prethee,
What is thy will, I turne me wholly to ye,
And talk now till thy tongue ake, I will heare yee.
Estif. She would entreat ye sir.
Cac. She shall command sir,
Let it be so I beseech thee my sweet gentlewoman,
Doe not forget thy selfe.
Estif. She does command then,
This curtesy, because she knowes you are noble.
Caca. Your Mistris by the way.
Estif. My naturall Mistris,
Vpon these Iewels sir, they are faire and rich,
And view um right.
Caca. To doubt um is an heresy.
Estif. A thousand duckets, 'tis upon necessity
Of present use, her husband sir is stubborne.
Cac. Long may he be so.
Estif. She desires withall, a better knowledge of your parts and person,
And when you please to doe her so much honour.
Cac. Come let's dispatch.
Estif. In troath I have heard hir say sir,
Of a fat man she has not seen a sweeter,
But in this businesse sir.
Cac. Let's doe it first,

And then disputе, the Ladies use may long for it.

Estif. All secrecy she would desire, she told me
How wise you are.

Cac. We are not wise to talke thus,
Carry her the gold, ile look her out a jewell,
Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another,
Come pre thee come, I long to serve thy lady,
Long monstrously, now valor I shall meet ye,
You that dare Dukes.

Estif. Green goose you are now in sippets. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Iuan, Alonzo.

Duk. He shall not have his will, I shall prevent him,
I have a toy here that will turne the tide,
And sodainly, and strangely, heere *Don Iuan*,
Doe you present it to him.

Iuan. I am commanded. *exit.*

Duk. A fellow founded out of Charity,
And moulded to the height contemne his maker,
Curbe the free hand that fram'd him? This must not be.

Sanc. That such an oyster shell should hold a pearle,
And of so rare a price in prison,
Was she made to be the matter of her own undoing,
To let a slovenly unweildy fellow,
Vnruly and selfe will'd, dispose her beauties,
We suffer all sir in this sad Eclipse,
She should shine where she might show like her selfe,
An absolute sweetnesse, to comfort those admire her,
And shed her beames upon her friends.

Sanc. We are gulld all,
And all the world will grumble at your patience,
If she be ravish't thus.

Duk. Nere feare it *Sanchio*,
Weel have her free againe, and move at Court,
In her cleere orbe, but one sweet handsomenesse,
To blesse this part of Spaine, and have that slubberd.

Alon. Tis every good mans cause, and we must stir in it.

Duk. Ile warrant he shall be glad to please us,
And glad to share too, we shall heare anon

A new

A new song from him, let's attend a litle. *Exeunt.*

Ent. Leon, and Iuan with a commission.

Leon. Coronell, I am bound to you for this nobleneſſe,
I ſhould have been your officer, tis true ſir,
And a proud man I ſhould have been to have ſerv'd you,
'Tas pleas'd the King out of his boundleſſe favours,
To make me your companion, this commiſſion
Gives me a troope of horſe.

Iuan. I rejoyce at it,
And am a glad man we ſhall gain your company,
I am ſure the King knows you are newly married,
And out of that reſpect gives you more time ſir.

Leon. Within foure daies I am gone, ſo he commands me,
And tis not mannerly for me to argue it,
The time growes ſhorter ſtill, are your goods ready.

Iuan. They are aboard.

Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

ser. Sir.

Leon. Doe you heare ho, goe carry this unto your Miſtris ſir,
And let her ſee how much the King has honour'd mee,
Bid hir be luſty, ſhe muſt make a ſouldier. *Exit.*

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sir,
Goe take downe all the hangings,
And pack up all my cloths, my plate and Iewels,
And all the furniture that's portable,
Sir when we lye in garriſon, 'tis neceſſary
We keep a handſome port, for the kings honour;
And doe you heare, let all your Ladies wardrobe
Be ſafely plac'd in trunks, they muſt along too.

Lor. Whether muſt they goe ſir.

Leon. To the warres *Lorenzo*,
And you and all, I will not leave a turne-ſpit,
That has one dram of ſpleene againſt a Dutchman.

Lor. Why then St Iaques hey, you have made us all ſit,
And if we leave ye, does my Lady goe too.

Leon. The ſtuffe muſt goe to morrow towards the ſea ſir,

All all must goe.

Lor. Why *Pedro, vasco, Diego,*
Come help me, come come boyes, soldadoes, comrades,
Wee'l fley these beere-bellied rogues, come away quickly.

Juan. Has taken a brave way to save his honour. (*Exit.*
And crosse the Duke, now I shall love him dearely,
By the life of credit thou art a noble gentleman.

Enter Margarita led by two Ladies.

Leon. Why how now wife, what sick at my preferment,
This is not kindly done.

Marg. No sooner love ye,
Love ye intirely sir, brought to consider
The goodnesse of your mind and mine owne duty,
But loose you instantly, be divorc'd from ye,
This is a cruelty, ile to the King
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two soules,
Too minds so neerely mixt.

Leon. By no means sweet heart.

Marg. If he were married but foure daies as I am.

Leon. He would hang himselfe the fift, or fly his Country.

Marg. He would make it treason for that tongue that durst
But talke of warre, or any thing to vexe him,
You shall not goe.

Leon. Indeed I must sweet wife,
What shall I loose the King for a few kisses,
Wee'l have enough.

Marg. Ile to the Duke my cozen, he shall to th'King.

Leon. He did me this great office,
I thank his grace for't, should I pray him now,
To undoe't againe, fye 'twere a base discredit.

Marg. Would I were able sir to bear you company,
How willing should I be then, and how merry,
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace you shall not. *knock within.*

Mar. What knockings this, oh heavē my head, why rascals
I think the war's begun i'th house already.

Leon. The preparation is, they are taking downe,
And packing up the hangings, plate and Iewels,

And all thoſe furnitures that ſhall befit me
When I lye in garriſon.

Enter Coachman.

Coachm. Muſt the Coach goe too Sir?

Leon. How will your Lady paſſe to'th ſea elſe eaſily?
We ſhall finde ſhipping fort there to tranſport it.

Marg. I goe alas.

Leon. Ile have a maine care of ye,
I know ye are ſickly, he ſhall drive the eaſier,
And all accommodation ſhall attend ye.

Marg. Would I were able,

Leon. Come I warrant ye,
Am not I with ye ſweet, are her cloaths packt up,
And all her linnens? give your maids direction,
You know my times but ſhort, and I am commanded.

Marg. Let me have a nurſe,
And all ſuch neceſſary people with me,
And an eaſie bark.

Leon. It ſhall not trot I warrant ye,
Curveat it may ſometimes.

Marg. I am with child ſir.

Leon. At foure daies warning, this is ſomething ſpeedy,
Doe you conceave as our jennets doe with a weſt winde,
My heire will be an arrant fleet one Lady,
Ile ſweare you were a maid when I firſt lay with ye.

Marg. Pray doe not ſweare, I thought I was a maid too,
But we may both be cozend in that point Sir.

Leon. In ſuch a ſtrait point ſure I could not erre Madam.

Iuan. This is another tenderneſſe to try him,
Fetch hir up now.

Mar. You muſt provide a cradle, and what a troubles that?

Leon. The ſea ſhall rock it,
Tis the beſt nurſe; twill roare and rock together,
A ſwinging ſtorme will ſing you ſuch a lullaby.

Marg. Faith let me ſtay, I ſhall but ſhame ye Sir.

Leon. And you were a thouſand ſhames you ſhall along (with me,
At home I am ſure you'le prove a million,
Every man carries the bundle of his ſinnes,

Vpon his own back, you are mine, Ile ſweat for ye.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, Sanchio.

Duke. What Sir, preparing for your noble journey?
T is well and full of care.
I ſaw your minde was wedded to the warre,
And knew you would prove ſome good man for your coūtry,
Therefore faire Cozen with your gentle pardon,
I got this place, what mourne at his advancement?
You are too blame, he will come agen ſweet cozen,
Meane time like ſad *Penelope* and ſage,
Amongſt your maids at home, and huſwifely.

Leon. No ſir, I dare not leave her to that ſolitarineſſe,
She is young, and griefe or ill newes from thoſe quarters
May dayly croſſe her, ſhe ſhall goe along Sir.

Duke. By no meanes Captaine.

Leon. By all meanes an't pleaſe ye?

Duke. What take a young and tender bodied Lady,
And expoſe her to thoſe dangers, and thoſe tumults,
A ſickly Lady too.

Leon. I will make hir well Sir,
Theres no ſuch friend to health as wholſome travell,

Sanch. Away it muſt not be.

Alon. It ought not Sir,
Goe hurry her, it is not humane Captaine.

Duke. I cannot blame her teares, fright her with tempeſts
With thunder of the warre.
I dare ſweare if ſhe were able.

Leon. Shee is moſt able.
And pray ye ſweare not, ſhe muſt goe theres no remedy,
Nor greatneſſe, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which I ſmell too ranck, too open, too evident
(And I muſt tell you Sir, tis moſt unnoble)
Shall hinder me: had ſhe but ten houres life,
Nay leſſe, but two houres, I would have her with me,
I would not leave her fame to ſo much ruine,
To ſuch a deſolation and diſcredit
As her weakneſſe and your hot will wood worke her too.

Enter Perez.

What

Leon. What Masque is this now?
More tropes and figures, to abuse my sufferance,
What cozen's this?
Iuan. Michael van owle, how dost thou?
In what dark barne or tod of aged ivy
Hast thou lyen hid?
Per. Things must both ebbe and flow Coronell,
And people must conceale, and shine agen.
You are welcome hither as your friend may say Gentlemã,
A pretty house yee see handsomely seated,
Sweet and convenient walkes, the waters cristall.
Alon. He's certaine mad.
Iuan. As mad as a French Tayler,
That has nothing in's head but ends of fustians.
Perez. I see you are packing now my gentle cozen,
And my wife told me I should finde it so,
Tis true I doe, you were merry when I was last here,
But twas your will to try my patience Madam.
I am sorry that my swift occasions
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer,
Yet I would have you think my honourd cozen,
This house and all I have are all your servants.
Leon What house, what pleasure sir, what doe you mean?
Perez. You hold the jest so stiffe, twill prove discurtious,
This house I meane, the pleasures of this place.
Leon. And what of them?
Per. They are mine Sir, and you know it,
My wives I meane, and so conferd upon me,
The hangings sir I must entreat, your servants,
That are so busie in their offices,
Againe to minister to their right uses,
I shall take view oth plate anon, and furnitures
That are of under place, you are merry still cozen,
And of a pleasant constitution,
Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum*.
Leon. Preethee good stubborne wife, tell me directly,
Good evill wife leave fooling and tell me honestly,
Is this my kinsman?

Marg.

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Good evill wife leave fooling and tell me honestly,
Is this my kinsman?

Marg.

Marg. I can tell yee nothing.

Leon. I have many kinſmen, but ſo mad a one,
And ſo phantaſtick, all the houſe.

Perez. All mine,
And all within it, I will not bate ye an ace ont,
Can you not receave a noble curteſie,
And quietly and handſomely as ye ought Couze,
But you muſt ride oth top ont.

Leon. Canſt thou fight?

Per. Ile tell ye preſently, I cood have done ſir.

Leon. For ye muſt law and claw before ye get it.

Iuan. Away, no quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
Ile have it proved if you were never yet in Bedlam,
Never in love for thats a lunacy,
No great ſtate left ye that you never lookt for,
Nor cannot mannage, thats a ranke diſtemper
That you were chriſtend, and who anſwer'd for ye,
And then I yeeld.

Per. Has halfe perſwaded me I was bred ith' moone,
I have nere a buſh at my breech, are not we both mad,
And is not this a phantaſtick houſe we are in,
And all a dreame we doe, will ye walk out ſir,
And if I doe not beat thee preſently
Into a ſound beliefe, as ſenſe can give thee,
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney peece,
And ſay I was one oth *Caſars*, done by a ſeale-cutter.

Leon. Ile talke no more, come weele away immediatly.

Marg. Why then the houſe is his, and all thats in it,
Ile give away my skin but Ile undoe yee,
I gave it to his wife, you muſt reſtore Sir,
And make a new proviſion.

Per. Am I mad now or am I chriſtend, you my pagan cozen
My mighty Mahound kinſman, what quirk now;
You ſhall be welcome all, I hope to ſee ſir
Your Grace here, and my coze, we are all ſouldiers,
And muſt doe naturally for one another.

Duke. Are ye blank at this, then I muſt tell ye Sir,

Ye

Ye have no command, now ye may goe at pleasure
And ride your asse troope, twas a trick I use
To try your jealousie upon entreatie,
And saving of your wife.
Leon. All this not moues me,
Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections,
You have more furniture, more houses Lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with those,
And you have Land ith Indies as I take it,
Thither weele goe, and view a while those clymats,
Visit your Factors there, that may betray ye,
Tis done, we must goe.
Marg. Now thou art a brave Gentleman,
And by this sacred light I love thee dearely,
The house is none of yours, I did but jest Sir,
Nor you are no coze of mine, I beseech yee vanish,
I tell you plaine, you have no more right then he
Has, that senseless thing, your wife has once more foold ye:
Goe ye and consider.
Leon. Good morrow my sweet cozen, I should be glad sir.
Per. By this hand she dies for't,
Or any man that speakes for her. *Exit Per.*
Iuan. These are fine toyes.
Marg. Let me request you stay but one poore month,
You shall have a Commission and ile goe too,
Give me but will so far.
Leon. Well I will try ye,
Good morrow to your Grace, we have private businesse.
Duke. If I misse thee agen, I am an arrant bungler.
Iuan. Thou shalt have my command, and ile march under (thee,
Nay be thy boy before thou shalt be basled,
Thou art so brave a fellow.
Alon. I have seen visions. *Exeunt.*

Actus. 5. Scena. 1.

Enter Leon with a letter, and Margarita.

Leon. Come hether wife, doe you know this hand?
Marg. I doe Sir.

Tis *Eſtifania*, that was once my woman.

Leon. She writes to me here, that one *Cacafogo*
A uſuring jewellers ſon (I know the raſcall)
Is mortally fallne in love with ye.

Marg Is a monſter, deliver me from mountaines.

Leon. Doe you goe a birding for all ſorts of people,
And this evening will come to ye and ſhew ye jewels,
And offers any thing to get aeceſſe to ye,
If I can make or ſport or profit on him,
(For he is fit for both) ſhe bids me uſe him,
And ſo I will, be you conformable, and follow but my will.

Marg. I ſhall not faile ſir.

Leon. Will the Duke come againe doe you think.

Marg. No ſure Sir,
Has now no pollicie to bring him hither.

Leon. Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold faire wife.
Lets in to dinner. *Exeunt.*

Enter Perez.

Perez. Had I but lungs enough to bawle ſufficiently,
That all the queanes in Chriſtendome might heare me,
That men might run away from contagion,
I had my wiſh; would it were moſt high treaſon,
Moſt infinite high, for any man to marry,
I meane for any man that would live handſomely,
And like a Gentleman, in his wits and credit,
What torments ſhall I put her to, *Phalaris* bull now,
Pox they love bulling too well, though they ſmoak for't,
Cut her apeeces, every peece will live ſtill,
And every morſell of her will doe miſchiefe,
They have ſo many lives, there's no hanging of um
They are too light to drowne, they are cork and feathers,
To burne too cold, they live like Salamanders,
Vnder huge heaps of ſtones to bury her,
And ſo depreſſe her as they did the Giants,
She will move under more then built old Babell,
I muſt deſtroy her.

Enter Cacafogo with a Casket.

Cac. Be cozend by a thing of clouts, a ſhe moth,

That

That every ſilkmans ſhop breeds; to be cheated,
And of a thouſand duckets by a whim wham.
Per. Who's that is cheated, ſpeak againe thou viſion,
But art thou cheated? miniſter ſome comfort,
Tell me directly art thou cheated bravely,
Come, preethee come, art thou ſo pure a coxcomb
To be undone, doe not diſſemble with me,
Tell me I conjure thee.
Cac. Then keep thy circle,
For I am a ſpirit wild that flies about thee,
And who ere thou art, if thou be'ſt humane,
Ile let thee plainly know, I am cheated damnably.
Per. Ha, ha, ha.
Cac. Doſt thou laugh damnably, I ſay moſt damnably.
Per. By whom, good ſpirit ſpeak, ſpeak ha, ha, ha.
Cac. I will utter, laugh till thy lungs crack, by a raſcall woman,
A lewd, abominable, and plain woman?
Doſt thou laugh ſtill.
Per. I muſt laugh, preethee pardon me,
I ſhall laugh terribly.
Cac. I ſhall be angry, terrible angry, I have cauſe.
Per. Thats it, and tis no reaſon but thou ſhouldſt be angry,
Angry at heart, yet I muſt laugh ſtill at thee,
By a woman cheated, art' ſure it was a woman?
Cac. I ſhall break thy head, my vallour itches at thee.
Per. It is no matter, by a woman cozend,
A reall woman.
Cac. A reall divell,
Plague of her jewels and her copper chaines,
How rank they ſmell.
Per. Sweet cozend ſir let me ſee them,
I have been cheated too, I would have you note that
And lewdly cheated, by a woman alſo,
A ſcurvie woman, I am undone ſweet Sir,
Therefore I muſt have leave to laugh.
Cac. Pray ye take it,
You are the merrieſt undone man in *Europe*.
What need we fiddles, bawdy ſongs and ſack,

When our own miseries can make us merry.

Per. Ha, ha, ha.

I have seene these jewels, what a notable penniworth.

Have you had next your heart, you will not take Sir

Some twenty Duckets.

Cac. Thou art deceiv'd I will take.

Per. To cleere your bargaine now.

Cac. Ile take some ten, some any thing, some halfe ten,

Halfe a Ducket.

Per. An excellent lapidary set these stones sure,

Doe you mark their waters?

Cac. Quick-sand choak their waters,

And hirs that bought um too, but I shall finde hir.

Per. And so shall I, I hope, but doe not hurt her,

You cannot finde in all this kingdome,

If you had need of cozening, as you may have,

For such grosse natures will desire it often,

Tis at some time too a fine variety,

A woman that can cozen ye so neatly,

She has taken halfe mine anger off with this trick. *Exit.*

Cac. If I were valiant now, I would kill this fellow,

I have mony enough lies by me at a pinch

To pay for twenty rascalls lives that vex me,

Ile to this Lady, there I shall be satisfied. *Exit.*

Enter Leon, and Margarita.

Leon. Come, weele away unto your country house,

And there weele learne to live contently,

This place is full of charge, and full of hurrey,

No part of sweetnesse dwels about these citties.

Marg. Whether you will, I wait upon your pleasure,

Live in a hollow tree Sir, Ile live with ye.

Leon. I, now you strike a hatmony a true one,

When your obedience waits upon your husband,

And your sick will aimes at the care of honour,

Why now I dote upon ye, love ye dearely,

And my rough nature falls like roaring streames,

Cleerely and sweetly into your embraces,

O what a jewell is a woman excellent,

A wife a vertuous and a noble woman,
When wee meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides,
And through the world we hold our currant virtues,
Alone we are single meadalls, only faces,
And weare our fortunes out in useless shadowes,
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble,
Ile be as humble to you as a servant,
Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
They shall be welcome all, visit acquaintance,
Goe at your pleasure, now experience
Has link't you fast unto the chain of goodnesse:
What noise is this, what dismall cry?
Mar. Tis lowd too.
Sure ther's some mischiefe done i'th street look out there.
Leon. Look out and help.

Clashing swords.
A cry within, downe with their swords.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Oh sir the Duke *Medina.*
Leon. What of the Duke *Medina.*
Ser. Oh sweet gentleman, is all most slain.
Marg. A way a way & help him, all the house help. *Exit Servant.*
Leon. How slain? why *Margarita,*
Why wife, sure some new device they have a foot againe,
Some trick upon my credit, I shall meet it,
I had rather guide a ship Imperiall
Alone, and in a storme, then rule one woman.

Enter Duke, Margarita, Sanchio, Alonzo, Servant.

Marg. How came ye hurt sir?
Duke. I fell out with my friend the noble Coronell,
My cause was naught, for 'twas about your honour:
And he that wrongs the innocent nere prospers;
And he has left me thus for charity,
Lend me a bed to ease my tortur'd body,
That ere I perish I may show my penitence,
I feare I am slaine.
Leon. Help gentlemen to carry him,
There shall be nothing in this house my Lord,
But as your owne.

Duk. I thank ye noble sir.
Leon. To bed with him, and wife give your attendance.

Enter Iuan.

Iuan. Doctors and surgions,
Duk. Doe not disquiet me,
But let me take my leave in peace. *Exit Duke. Sanch. Alon. Marg. Servants.*
Leon. Afore me,
Tis rarely counterfeited.
Iuan. True, it is so sir,
And take you heed, this last blow doe not spoile ye.
He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,
As though we purpos'd anger, that same scratch
On's hand he took, to colour all and draw compassion,
That he might get into your house more cunningly,
I must not stay, stand now, and y'are a brave fellow.
Leon. I thank ye noble Coronell, and I honour ye, *Exit (Iuan.*
Never be quiet.

Enter Margarita.

Marg. He's most desperate ill sir,
I doe not think these ten months will recover him.
Leon. Does he hire my house to play the foole in,
Or does it stand on Fairy ground we are haunted,
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams thus.
Marg. What aile you sir?
Leon. Nay what aile you sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience.
What dost thou see in mee, that I should suffer thus,
Have not I done my part like a true husband,
And paid some desperate debts you never look'd for.
Marg. You have done handsomely I must confesse sir.
Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a hawke?
And watcht thee with delights to satisfy thee?
The very tithes of which had wonne a widow.
Marg. Alas I pitty ye.
Leon. Thou wilt make me angry,
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.
Marg. You are alwaies,
You carry a kind of bedlam still about ye.

Leon.

Leon. If thou perſuest me farther I run ſtark mad,
If you have more hurt Dukes or Gentlemen,
To lye here on your cure, I ſhall be deſperate,
I know the trick, and you ſhall feel I know it,
Are ye ſo hot that no hedge can containe ye,
Ile have thee let blood in all the veines about thee,
Ile have thy thoughts ſound too, and have them open'd,
Thy ſpirits purg'd, for thoſe are they that fire ye,
Thy maid ſhall be thy Miſtris thou the maid,
And all thoſe ſervile labours that ſhe reach at,
And goe through cherefully, or elſe ſleep empty,
That maid ſhall lye by me to teach you duty,
You in a pallat by to humble ye,
And greeve for what you looſe.

Marg. I have loſt my ſelfe ſir,
And all that was my baſe ſelfe, diſobedience, *kneeles*
My wantonneſſe my ſtubborneneſſe I have loſt too,
And now by that pure faith good wives are crown'd with,
By your own nobleneſſe.

Enter Altea.

Leon. I take ye up, and weare ye next my heart,
See you be worth it. Now what with your

Altea. I come to tell my Lady,
There is a fulſome fellow would fain ſpeak with her.

Leon. Tis *Cacaſogo* goe and entertaine him,
And draw him on with hopes.

Mar. I ſhall obſerve ye.

Leon. I have a rare deſigne upon that gentleman,
And you muſt work too.

Alt. I ſhall ſir moſt willingly.

Leon. A way then both, & keep him cloſe in ſome place
From the Dukes ſight, and keep the Duke in too,
Make um beleeve both, Ile find time to cure um. *Exeunt.*

Enter Perez, and Eſtifania with a Piſtoll, and a Dagge.

Per. Why how darſt thou meet me againe thou rebell,
And knowſt how thou haſt uſed mee thrice, thou raſcall,
Were there not waies enough to fly my vengeance,

No

No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,
But now thou comest to invite me,
And comest upon mee,
How like a sheep biting Rogue taken i'th manner,
And ready for the halter dost thou look now,
Thou hast a hanging look thou scurvy thing, hast nere a knife
Nor never a string to lead thee to Elisium?
Be there no pittifull Pothecaries in this towne,
That have compassion upon wretched women,
And dare administer a dramme of rats-bane,
But thou must fall to mee?

Estif. I know you have mercy.

Per. If I had tunnes of mercy thou deserv'st none,
What new tricks is now a foot, and what new houses
Have you i'th aire, what orchards in apparition,
What canst thou say for thy life?

Estif. Litle or nothing,
I know you'l kill me, and I know tis useleſſe
To beg for mercy, pray let me draw my book out,
And pray a litle.

Per. Doe a very litle,
For I have farther buſineſſe then thy killing,
I have mony yet to borrow, speak when you are ready.

Estif. Now now sir now, *shewes a Pistoll.*
Come on, doe you start off from me,
Doe you swear great Captaine, have you seen a spirit.

Per. Doe you weare gunnes.

Estif. I am a souldiers wife sir,
And by that priviledge I may be arm'd,
Now whats the newes, and let's discourse more friendly,
And talk of our affaires in peace.

Per. Let me see,
Pre thee let me see thy gun, 'tis a very pretty one.

Estif. No no sir you shall feele.

Per. Hold ye villaine, what thine own husband?

Estif. Let mine own husband then,

Be in's own wits, there, there's a thouſand duckets,
Who muſt provide for you, and yet you'l kill me.
Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thouſand millions. (um.
Eſtif. When will you redeem your Iewels, I have pawn'd
You ſee for what, we muſt keep tooch.
Per. Ile kiſſe thee,
And get as many more, ile make thee famous,
Had we the houſe now.
Eſtif. Come along with mee,
If that be vaniſh't there be more to hyre ſir.
Per. I ſee I am an aſſe when thou art neere me.
Enter Leon, Margarita, and Altea with a Taper.
Leon. Is the foole come.
Altea. Yes and i'th celler faſt,
And there he ſtaies his good houre till I call him,
He will make dainty muſick among the ſack-butts,
I have put him juſt ſir, under the Dukes chamber.
Leon. It is the better.
Altea. Has given me roially,
And to my Lady a whole load of portigues.
Leon. Better and better ſtill, goe Margarita,
Now play your prize, you ſay you dare be honeſt,
Ile put ye to your beſt.
Marg. Secure your ſelfe ſir, give me the candle,
Paſſe away in ſilence. *Exit Leon and Altea.*
She knocks.
Duk. Who's there, oh oh.
Marg. My Lord.
Duke with in. Have ye brought me comfort.
Marg. I have my Lord, *Enter Duke in a gowne.*
Come forth 'tis I, come gently out Ile help ye,
Come ſoftly too, how doe you.
Duk. Are there none here,
Let mee look round; we cannot be too wary, *noiſe below.*
Oh let me bleſſe this houre, are you alone ſweet friend.
Marg. Alone to comfort you. *Cacafogo makes*
Duk. What's that you tumble, *a noiſe below.*
I have heard a noiſe this halfe houre under mee,

A fearfull noiſe.

Marg. The fat thing's mad i'th celler,
And ſtumbles from one hogs-head to another,
Two cups more, and he nere ſhall find the way out,
What doe you feare, come, ſit downe by mee chearefully,
My husband's ſafe, how doe your wounds.

Duk. I have none Lady,
My wounds I counterfeited cunningly, *Noiſe below.*
And fained the quarrell too, to injoy you ſweet,
Let's looſe no time, heark the ſame noiſe againe.

Marg. What noiſe, why look ye pale, I heare no ſtirring,
This goblin in the vault will be ſo tipled,
You are not well I know by your flying fancy,
Your body's ill at eaſe, your wounds.

Duk. I have none, I am as luſty and as full of health,
High in my blood.

Marg. Weak in your blood you would ſay,
How wretched is my caſe willing to pleaſe ye,
And find you ſo diſable.

Duk. Beleeve me Lady.

Marg. I know you will venter all you have to ſatisfy me,
Your life I know, but is it fit I ſpoile yee,
Is it my love doe you think.

Cacaſ. below. Here's to the Duke.

Duk. It named me certainly,
I heard it plainly ſound.

Marg. You are hurt mortally,
And fitter for your prayers ſir then pleaſure,
What ſtarts you make, I would not kiſſe you wantonly,
For the worlds wealth have I ſecurd my Husband,
And put all doubts aſide to be deluded.

Cacafogo below. I come I come.

Duk. Heaven bleſſe mee.

Marg. And bleſſe us both, for ſure this is the Divell,
I plainly heard it now, he will come to fetch ye,
A very ſpirit, for he ſpoke under ground,
And ſpoke to you juſt as you would have ſnatcht me,
You are a wicked man, and ſure this haunts ye,

Would

Would you were out o'th houſe.
Duk. I would I were,
A that condition I had leapt a window.
Marg. And that's the leaſt leap if you mean to ſcape ſir,
Why what a frantick man were you to come here,
What a weak man to counterfeit deep wounds,
To wound another deeper.
Duk. Are you honeſt then.
Marg. Yes then and now, and ever, & excellent honeſt,
And exerciſe this paſtime but to ſhew ye,
Great men are fooles ſometimes as well as wretches,
Would you were well hurt with any hope of life,
Cut to the braines, or run clean through the body,
To get out quietly as you got in ſir,
I wiſh it like a friend that loves ye dearely,
For if my husband take ye, and take ye thus a counterfeit,
One that would clip his credit out of his honour,
He muſt kill ye preſently,
There is no mercy nor an hower of pitty,
And for me to intreat in ſuch an agony,
Would ſhew me litle better then one guilty,
Have you any mind to a Lady now.
Duk. Would I were off faire,
If ever Lady caught me in a trap more.
Marg. If you be well and luſty, fy fy ſhake not,
You ſay you love me, come, come bravely now,
Diſpiſe all danger, I am ready for ye.
Duk. She mocks my miſery, thou cruell Lady.
Marg. Thou cruell Lord, wouldſt thou betray my honeſty,
Betray it in mine own houſe, wrong my husband,
Like a night theefe, thou darſt not name by day-light.
Duk. I am moſt miſerable.
Marg. You are indeed,
And like a fooliſh thing you have made your ſelfe ſo,
Could not your own diſcretion tell ye ſir,
When I was married I was none of yours,
Your eyes were then commanded to look off me,
And I now ſtand in a circle and ſecure,

Your ſpells nor power can never reach my body,
Mark me but this, and then ſir be moſt miſerable,
Tis ſacriledge to violate a wedlock,
You rob too Templers, make your ſelfe twice guilty,
You ruine hirs, and ſpot hir noble husbands.

Duk. Let me be gone, Ile never more attempt ye.

Marg. You cannot goe, 'tis not in me to ſave ye,
Dare ye doe ill, and poorely then ſhrinke under it?
Were I the Duke *Medina*, I would fight now,
For you muſt fight and bravely, it concernes you,
You doe me double wrong if you ſneak off ſir,
And all the world would ſay I lov'd a coward,
And you muſt dye too, for you will be killd,
And leave your youth, your honour and your ſtate,
And all thoſe deere delights you worſhip't heare. *Noiſe*

Duk. The noiſe againe. *below.*

Cacaſ. below. Some ſmall beere if you love me.

Marg. The Divell haunts you ſure, your ſinnes are mighty,
A drunken Divell too, to plague your villany.

Duk. Preſerve me but this once.

Marg. There's a deep well
In the next yard, if you dare venter drowning,
It is but death.

Duk. I would not dye ſo wretchedly.

Marg. Out of a garrat window Ile let you downe then,
But ſay the rope be rotten, 'tis huge high too.

Duk. have you no merey.

Marg. Now you are frighted throughly,
And find what tis to play the foole in folly,
And ſee with cleere eyes your deteſted folly,
Ile be your guard.

Duk. And ile be your true ſervant,
Ever from this houre vertuouſly to love ye,
Chaſtly and modeſtly to look upon ye,
And here I ſeale it.

Marg. I may kiſſe a ſtranger, for you muſt now be ſo.

Ent. Leon, Iuan, Alonzo, Sanchio.

Leon. How doe you my Lord,

Me

Me thinks you look but poorely on this matter.
Has my wife wounded ye, you were well before,
Pray sir be comforted, I have forgot all,
Truly forgiven too, wife you are a right one,
And now with unknowne nations I dare trust yee.
Iuan. No more fain'd fights my Lord, they never prosper.
Leon. Who's this? the Divell in the vault?
Alt. Tis he sir, and as lovingly drunk, as though he had stu-
Caca. Give me a cup of Sack, and kisse me Lady, (died it.
Kisse my sweet face, and make thy husband cuckold,
An Ocean of sweet Sack, shall we speak treason?
Leon. He is divilish drunk.
Duke. I had thought he had beene a devill.
He made as many noyses and as horrible,
Leon. Oh a true lover sir will lament lowdly,
Which of the butts is your Mistris.
Caca. Butt in thy belly.
Leon. Theres two in thine I am sure, 'tis growne so mon-
Caca. Butt in thy face? (strous,
Leon. Goe carry him to sleepe,
A fooles love should be drunke he has paid well for't too.
When he is sober let him out to raile,
Or hang himselfe, there will be no losse of him.

Exit. Caca. & Serv.

Enter Perez, and Estifania.

Leon. Who's this? my Mauhound cozen?
Per. Good Sir, tis very good, would I had a house too,
For there is no talking in the open ayre,
My Tarmogant Couze, I would be bold to tell ye,
I durst be merry too; I tell you plainly,
You have a pretty seat, you have the luck on't,
A pretty Lady too, I have mist both,
My Carpenter built in a myst I thank him,
Doe me the curtesie to let me see it,
See it but once more, But I shall cry for anger.
Ile hire a Chandlers shop close under ye,
And for my foolerie, sell sope and whip-cord,
Nay if you doe not laugh now & laugh heartily

You are a foole couze.
Leon. I must laugh a litle,
And now I have done couze thou shalt live with me
My merry couze, the world shall not divorce us,
Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want,
Will this content thee?
Per. Ile crye, and then ile be thankfull,
Indeed I will, and ile be honest to ye.
I would live a swallow here I must confesse,
Wife I forgive thee all if thou be honest,
At thy perill, I beleeve thee excellent.
Estif. If I prove otherwaies, let me beg first,
Hold this is yours, some recompence for service,
Vse it to nobler ends then he that gave it.
Duke. And this is yours, your true commission, Sir,
Now you are a Captaine.
Leon. You are a noble Prince Sir,
And now a souldier, Gentleman, we all rejoyce in't.
Iuan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all fortunes.
Alon. And I.
Alt. And I must needs attend my Mistris.
Leon. Will you goe sister?
Alt. Yes indeed good brother,
I have too ties, mine own bloud,
And my Mistris.
Marg. Is she your sister?
Leon. Yes indeed good wife,
And my best sister,
For she prov'd so wench,
When she deceav'd you with a loving husband.
Alt. I would not deale so truly for a stranger.
Marg. Well I could chide yee,
But it must be lovingly and like a sister,
Ile bring you on your way, and feast yee nobly,
For now I have an honest heart to love yee,
And then deliver you to the blew Neptune.
Iuan. Your colours you must weare, & weare em proudly,
Weare em before the bullet, and in bloud too,

And

And all the world ſhall know
We are vertues ſervants.

Duke. *And all the world ſhall know, a noble minde*
Makes women beautifull and envie blinde. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

EPILOGVE.

Good night our worthy friends, and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a hart
As you came hither; to those noble eyes
That daine to smile on our poore faculties,
And give a blessing to our labouring ends,
As we hope many, to such fortune sends
Their own desires, wiues faire as light as chast;
To those that live by spight
Wiues made in hast.